

FRANK LESLIE'S
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CAUTION.

Information comes to us from different parts of the country that agents claiming to represent the publishing house of Frank Leslie, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. We again distinctly warn the public that the Publishing House of Frank Leslie (of which Mrs. Frank Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents, and that there is no such firm in this city as Frank Leslie & Co. All persons using the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

PRESENT ATTITUDE OF PARTIES.

THE President of the United States, under the theory of the Constitution and in the practical administration of our Government by the intervention of parties, is at once the Chief Magistrate of all the people and the putative exponent of the political ideas which prevailed at the date of his election. Between these two representative characters there is no necessary antagonism. In his first and highest character, as the Chief Magistrate of all the people, he must have primary regard to the fundamental law of the Republic, to the laws of the land applying to every citizen alike, and to the unwritten laws of honor, of truth and of righteousness, which extend equally to rulers and to those over whom they bear sway. In his second and secondary character, as the exponent of definite political ideas, which are supposed to have predominated in his election, he is expected to mold his administration in accordance with certain principles which look, or are presumed to look, to the progressive amelioration of the Government, or to the advancing welfare of the people.

It is with a view to the latter that government by the intervention of parties has been instituted among men, as affording the best possible agency by which to combine progress with stability in the management of public concerns. But in order that this function of parties in all free governments may be duly performed, it is necessary that the elements of party formation within the bounds of the same nominal organization should be harmonious and consistent, and that the line of demarcation between parties contending for supremacy should be distinct in point of fundamental principles, or in point of progressive policies, or in point of both.

It is because of some confusion under each and all of these heads that the present political situation of the country offers so much of embarrassment to our rulers, to our statesmen, and to the people at large. It was because of conflicting principles and divergent political tendencies within the bosom of the same organization that the brief administration of President Garfield was troubled with the manifold political dissensions which disturbed his repose, until those dissensions were laid to rest by an overpowering public sentiment, which revealed their petty and factious nature in its true light. And behind these dissensions we may say that the very nomination of the two distinguished citizens, supported by the Republicans at the last election, was in itself an evidence and token of conflicting tendencies struggling for supremacy within the limits of the same party organization. General Garfield represented the more moderate sentiment of the Republican Party. The nomination of General Arthur was avowedly made as a concession and offering to propitiate the more "Stalwart" wing of the Republican Party.

In the light of subsequent events, we can now clearly see that the object of government by parties is liable to defeat wherever the elements of party formation are not sufficiently homogeneous to procure and constrain the nomination of men who are like-minded in their views of progressive as well as fundamental politics. This moral has been pointed again and again for the admonition of the people, but the politicians have been slow to learn a lesson which belongs to the primary ethics of party management, lest in learning it they might, peradventure, lose their hold on the spoils of office. It is not enough that the Vice-President should always be a man of sufficient intelligence and experience to fill with dignity and usefulness the chair to which he may be called by the death of the President, but he should also be like-

mined with the President in matters of fundamental and progressive politics, if precision, certainty and security are to be given to the results of each Presidential election. It was for the want of such like-mindedness between President Harrison and Vice-President Tyler, between President Taylor and Vice-President Fillmore, between President Lincoln and Vice-President Johnson, that all the political confusion and disorganization arose which the country was called to witness when each of these Vice-Presidents succeeded to the Presidential office. Nothing fundamental in our polity has ever been disturbed by the death of a President. The disturbances have arisen only from a want of identity in the political opinions represented by the President and by the Vice-President who succeeded to his place. And it is the apprehension of similar disturbances, arising from a similar cause, which gives to the people to-day their only ground of solicitude in contemplating, for the fourth time in our civil history, the succession of a Vice-President to the chair of a President.

For all that is untoward in this state of affairs, it behooves the people to remember that they, and not President Arthur, are entirely responsible. It is the fault of the people, and not of President Arthur, that the elements of party formation in our country have fallen into their present disorganized state. Nor can the people excuse themselves by laying the fault at the door of the politicians, for politicians at their worst, as well as their best, are always and everywhere the courtiers of the people—doing what the people wish, or what the people allow. Just as little can they excuse themselves by laying the fault at the door of the Republican Party alone, for the evil of divided opinions and heterogeneous policies exists to an equal, if not a greater, extent in the ranks of the Democratic organization.

Indeed it is this dubious, undefined and divided attitude of both the great leading parties of the country which unfits them, as far as it extends, for the function of leading. If this fact shall serve to increase the embarrassments of President Arthur in dealing with a situation which is environed with difficulties at its best estate, it is also a fact which deserves to procure for him the just and candid consideration of all the people who place country before party, seeing as we do that, from parties, as at present organized, or rather disorganized, he has little to hope. But from this nettle of danger the President, in turn, may pluck the flower of safety, if, placing country before party, he shall seek to deserve the support of all good citizens, and shall find in that support an ample compensation for any defection of political retainers.

THE RISE IN LIVING EXPENSES.

THE present year is remarkable for the business activity and the general prosperity which prevail all over the country. Almost every branch of industry is in vigorous operation, and the number of persons who need to go without employment is smaller than for many years. All sorts of commodities find a ready market at higher prices than have been obtained since just before the "hard times," and the profits of employers, as a rule, are larger than in any previous year for almost a decade. Employers have shared, to some extent, this increase in profits, as there has been a quite general advance of wages—in some cases made voluntarily, in others yielded in response to requests, and in a few instances to strikes. On the whole, it is simple truth to say that the year has been the most prosperous which the country has known since it was overtaken by the panic of 1873.

At the same time it must be admitted that there is another side to the picture, which makes the prospect for the coming Winter a dark one for many people. The advance in prices, which has extended to almost every kind of commodity, has included the necessities of life along with the rest. Already the rise in what are commonly called "living expenses" is serious, and, unfortunately, it threatens to become still more marked later in the season.

While it is true that wages are generally higher than they were a year ago, they have not kept pace with the advance in the prices of the supplies they must purchase. As a rule, wages are the last to share the impulse of prosperity, as they are the first to suffer when business is depressed. At best they are seldom increased, so fast and so far as the cost of the commodities which enter into household consumption. When business is "booming," articles of food and clothing are almost sure to be held at higher prices, and the workman is often surprised to find that, though he may be receiving ten or fifteen per cent. more than in hard times, his larger wages do not seem to buy so much as they did then.

Some special causes have conspired during the last few weeks to increase this natural upward tendency of living expenses. The falling off in the wheat crop of the West is already reflected in a rise in the

price of flour. The drought which has prevailed over so large a section has seriously affected the dairy interests.

The milk-dealers are raising their prices to very high figures, already charging ten cents per quart in New York and the adjacent cities. Of course the prices of butter and cheese advance at the same time. Almost all kinds of fruit are scarce and high, while vegetables and "garden sass" have suffered so much from the dry weather that they cost a good deal more than usual. Successful "corners" in various kinds of provisions have increased prices in some cases beyond what is justified by natural causes. In addition, there is a disposition on the part of landlords in New York and some other large cities to demand higher rents. The consequence of all this is that the cost of maintaining a family during the coming Winter threatens to be greater than in any previous Winter for a number of years.

It is a curious fact that there is a considerable element of the population for whom it almost seems as though "hard times" were really the easiest times. It is composed of people whose positions are permanent and who are paid by salaries which seldom vary—such classes, for instance, as clergymen, school-teachers, cashiers and bookkeepers. While the pay of many such people was reduced in the long period of business depression, it has been since increased in but a small proportion of cases, and very few of them receive more now than they did a year ago. With their fixed incomes they can, of course, purchase much more for the same money in hard times, when all prices are low, than when business is prosperous and prices go up all around. To such a people the outlook for the coming Winter is decidedly depressing.

The encouraging feature of the situation is the prospect of general employment. What makes hard times really terrible is the fact that so large a proportion of the population can find no means of support. The most pitiable suffering during the long period of business depression was that among people who wanted to work but could find no opportunity. Happily, there promises to be comparatively little of such suffering during the coming Winter. There is nothing to indicate any serious check to the present business activity for a long time to come, and so long as that continues, industrious people can find work and the wages it commands.

THE "MACHINE" WORSTED.

THE Republican Party in New York has at length definitely emancipated itself from the control of the Conkling "machine." The State Convention held in this city last week, and consisting of nearly five hundred delegates was controlled throughout by the anti-Stalwarts, whose majority, with all the rightful delegates recognized, was almost equal to the total strength of their opponents. The State Committee, controlled by the friends of Mr. Conkling, attempted as usual to stifle the rights of several constituencies which had declared against him, and placed upon the roll the names of delegates who had no claim to seats; but the convention promptly righted the wrong, seated the regular delegations, made its own committee, and managed its business from first to last in its own way, resenting with emphasis every attempt at dictation from the "bosses," whose sway has hitherto been absolute. The new State Committee represents largely the independent element of the party, and the ticket placed in nomination is, in the main, a strong one, both in the character of the nominees and in the influences and tendencies they represent.

The importance of the results here recited cannot well be over-estimated. They concern the people, not merely of New York, but of every State in the Union. The outgrowth of an awakened spirit of independence among the masses of the dominant party of the country, they reinforce immensely that protest against the arbitrary and oppressive methods of arrogant "bossism" to which the murdered President first gave effective expression, and which the Legislature of this State subsequently emphasized in the rejection of Messrs. Conkling and Platt. With the Republicans of New York asserting their supremacy in the methods and policy of the party, securing to each individual voter his rightful consideration, and refusing longer to be the abject, cringing slaves of haughty autocrats seeking to dominate the party for personal ends, it ought not to be difficult for the voters of other States to assert themselves so successfully against the rule of party "machines" as to lift our politics everywhere to a higher and purer plane. In Pennsylvania the struggle in that direction is already making encouraging progress; and in other States there are indications of a similar uprising against Bling methods and men. But it must not be forgotten that the "bosses" will seek to recover the ground they have lost and avert the disaster which still menaces them. They have too much

at stake to surrender so long as an inch of ground remains to them; but the stake for all who believe in pure politics and personal independence is even greater, and they, therefore, must not relax their vigilance or cease their efforts. They have carried the enemy's intrenchments and broken down the gates of his citadel; now they must hold, warily, all they have gained, and make ready to complete their victory everywhere along the lines.

FORESTRY AND PRESERVATION OF GAME.

THE wanton destruction of forests on the Western domain of the United States and the rapid extinction of game, going on at the hands of traders in skins and thoughtless miners, have aroused the indignant comment of such a renowned sportsman as Sir Samuel Baker, who, in journeying across the continent, made a trip into the Big Horn country of Wyoming, and used the same rifle which made his fame as an elephant-hunter in Ceylon and a crack shot in the Punjab. This visit to America of Sir Samuel Baker, perhaps the most celebrated hunter of modern times, and a man who has killed elephants wherever elephants are, and the river game of Central Africa as well, lions in Abyssinia, tigers in India, and but a few weeks ago bear and elk in the Rocky Mountains, brings again before the American people, in emphatic form, some very grave questions which seemingly would interest the pioneer alone. This question, however, does not concern the hunter alone. Must a great mountain range be destitute of game? Should all of the nimble-footed animals who trace those wilds down to the stream-side be killed off by men who have only the poetry of a butcher? Who have made our pathways to water save the elk and the deer, and in savage countries who has been a better friend of ours than the elephant? Those who have traveled over dreary wastes of country, in whatever latitude or on whatever soil, know only the kindness of the dominating animal—and that animal is seldom a human being. Few men who have spent their lives in danger would not sooner trust their existence to a simple citizen of the forest than to a cultivated citizen of civilization. Yet it remains a fact that the chief game of North America—the buffalo, the elk, the antelope, the deer, the grizzly and cinnamon bear, the coyote (the wolf), and the birds—are being rapidly killed off. They are the prey of miners, prospectors, adventurers, and men who, on the Atlantic Slope, should be employed in fabricating iron and assorting cotton. The sooner this wholesale slaughter stops, as Sir Samuel Baker says, the better for the continent and for mankind.

Forestry is, however, a great factor in this case, and as fast as the trees are consumed by heedless men of the camp, and strong winds begin to blow over an area which may reach either over a mountain-side or across a plain, the game will fly, the area will become a desert waste, rain will cease to fall, water-courses will dry up, and a young desert will be born.

The heedless slaughtering of animals or the wanton destruction of forests are twin evils, which the "unborn millions yet to be" must deplore, but which the born millions must stop.

MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKS.

MR. GLADSTONE has lost none of his vigor as a party leader. In his speech at Leeds, last week where he received a great ovation, he discussed the "burning questions" of the hour with a force and emphasis which show him still to be the first of living British statesmen. As to the foreign policy of the Liberal Party, he said it was based on the principle that "every Power was entitled to the same rights and privileges irrespective of size," and was to be "credited with good motives until it showed the contrary." Touching the land question, he said that justice to Ireland is a sacred duty, but he added, equal justice must be done to the tenant farmers of England and Scotland. Taking up the arguments of the "fair traders," he exposed their fallacy with a merciless array of facts and figures, and boldly challenged the Conservative leader, Sir Stafford Northcote, to declare specifically whether he "favored protection and a corn duty." But it was in his denunciation of Mr. Parnell and his revolutionary policy that Mr. Gladstone appeared at his best. He spoke of him as the advocate of the doctrine of public plunder, and declared that he was a coward as well as a reactionary. Contrasting O'Connell's fidelity to the Crown of England with Parnell's hostility to everything English, he said:

"O'Connell, on every occasion, declared his respect for property, but Mr. Parnell has now a new gospel—that of plunder—to proclaim. He sees now that, whereas the rental of Ireland is £17,000,000, the landlord is entitled to nothing but the original valuation of the land, amounting to £3,000,000. O'Connell's respect for human life was consistent. Mr. Parnell is very copious in his references to America, but in all those references he has never found time to utter a word of disapproval about the assassination literature of that country, which is not American literature. Americans scorn, spurn, and loathe it. Mr. Parnell, during the last session of Parliament, made every effort to destroy the effect of the Land Bill, but he did not dare to vote against it like a man. But when the title of the Bill was at

stake, Mr. Parnell and thirty of his followers withdrew from the House of Commons and tried to destroy the work which the Government had begun. Parliament is not going to overturn the principle of public right and public order to please Mr. Parnell."

Further on, Mr. Gladstone said he was convinced that the Irish nation desires to take full advantage of the Land Act: and then, by way of final notification to the Parnellites, added: "The Government will rely upon the good sense of the people, because it is determined that no force, or fear of force, or fear of ruin through force, shall prevent the people from having full and free benefit of the Land Act." The friends of law and order, in and out of Ireland, will applaud as it deserves this outspoken and timely declaration of the statesman who, as to the great political problem of his administration, has dared to do right for right's sake.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE situation of affairs in North Africa is still disquieting. The French have completed all their preparations for the advance on Kairouan, and it is hoped that, notwithstanding the opposition of the Arabs, who are massing for resistance, the holy city will speedily be occupied. An expedition is to proceed to the desert against Bou Amena, the troublesome Arab chief, and the Emperor of Morocco is forming two columns of troops to operate against the rebels on the Algerian frontier. A hideous massacre is reported from Wadzergha, a railway station sixty miles from Tunis, where the Arabs tore up the railway, heaped up the sleepers, covered them with grease, tow and oil, fired the pile, and then threw upon it a number of employes, including several British subjects, burning them alive. The town was subsequently occupied by French troops, but the perpetrators of the outrage had disappeared. It is supposed that the massacre was caused by the wholesale destruction of olive forests, villages and vineyards which the French general considered necessary. It is stated, but not officially, that the African Mediterranean questions will soon be discussed in a congress of English, French, Italian, Spanish and Turkish delegates.

Mr. Parnell continues to fight the Irish Land Act, and while he has the support of the reactionary class, he cannot be said to be in the main successful. The farmers in many localities resent his interference, and are organizing to counteract the League. Some of the branches of the League have declared against further "Boycotting." The hope is said to have approved the resolutions of the Irish Bishops expressing satisfaction with the Land Act. An agricultural laborers' convention will shortly be held to form a labor department of the League. Eight assistant Land Commissioners have just been appointed all of whom are said to favor the tenants' interest. In a recent speech, Sir Stafford Northcote said the Conservatives were willing to give the Irish Land Act a fair trial, but he thought the League should be compelled to keep within the law. He does not believe that the condition of the English farmer can be improved by radical amendments to the land laws, but he would support any proposal giving tenants security for improvements on their holdings.

An assembly of notables has been convoked in Egypt for December 3d. A Turkish Commission has been sent to Alexandria and there is some fear that this intervention in Egyptian affairs will aggravate the existing embarrassments. There is an intimation that Russia would not remain a quiet spectator of any attempt of the Powers to possess themselves of peculiar advantages in Egypt. The official organ in St. Petersburg recently declared that "the possession of Egypt is not an exclusively English, or even Anglo-French, question. It is too closely connected with the general Eastern status quo to allow any Government to settle it on its own authority."

The indications are that the convention with England will not be ratified by the Boer Legislature without some modifications. In fact, the Boer Government has already formally requested a modification of several clauses, which it declares to be contrary to the treaty made some time ago. The articles particularly objected to are those which give the Queen control over the foreign relations of the State, which provide for complete freedom of religion and protection for all denominations, and for the rights of all persons, other than natives, who conform to the laws of the Transvaal, and which declare that no slavery, or apprenticeship partaking of slavery, shall be tolerated by the Boers. The English papers, even the *Spectator*, object strongly to any further concessions, and there are signs that the politicians who most sympathized with the Boers are becoming impatient at the new demands. British forbearance has reached its utmost limits. Mr. Smalley writes to the *Tribune* that "if the convention is rejected, the Government will have great difficulty in resisting the pressure from its own supporters to enforce it. If the Boers adopt an attitude of uncompromising antagonism, it is difficult to see how war can be avoided. The outlook is not pleasant, but the knowledge that British troops, numbering 12,000, have been ordered to stand fast till the decision of the Volksraad is known, may have wholesome effect."

The reports from Afghanistan indicate that the recent successes of the Ameer have had a pacific effect. The British troops will be withdrawn from the northern outposts and the garrison at Quetta reduced. Pischin will be retained for the present. It has been discovered that a vast system of bribery and corruption existed in the transport and commissariat departments in the last campaign carried on by the British. Several native bankers in India have been arrested for complicity in the frauds.

There seems to be ground for the announcement that the Ferry Cabinet in France will

resign about ten days before the opening of the chambers, on the 28th inst. A new Cabinet will at once be formed, but whether by Gambetta is not known. It is believed, however, that he will be called to assume the responsibility of constructing the new Ministry. The Russian Government is vigilantly guarding its frontiers against Nihilist emissaries and infernal machines. Vessels from England, France and the United States arriving at Russian ports are strictly examined. The London Post publishes a warmly congratulatory article on the Yorktown celebration. The *Standard* says: "The announcement that the English flag will be saluted at the Yorktown festivities will be read with satisfaction on both sides of the Atlantic. Another rising in Zululand is reported. The Social Science Congress in session at Dublin favors the settlement of disputed international questions by means of arbitration at periodical meetings of representatives of the various countries."

THE reduction in the public debt during September, amounting to \$17,500,000, exceeded that of any corresponding month for years. The reduction for the quarter ending with September was \$42,000,000, being \$15,000,000 greater than the reduction in the same quarter last year.

THE Ohio campaign languishes. Neither party seems to be able to get up any enthusiasm, and both concede that the vote will be smaller than for some years past. President Arthur is quoted as declaring himself anxious for Republican success, and the announcement has quickened somewhat the ardor of the friends of Governor Foster: but it is plain that hard work will be necessary to save the State to the party now in control. The Temperance movement operating greatly to their prejudice.

THE authorities of the Naval Academy at Annapolis are evidently determined to put an end to the practice of "hazing." Recently a newly entered class of cadets was "hazed" with merciless brutality, whereupon all the members of another class, who were suspected of the offense, were placed in confinement on shipboard, where they were compelled to remain until they gave a pledge never again to engage in the barbarous practice. Secretary Hunt proposes to dismiss peremptorily any cadet who may in future disgrace the naval uniform by "hazing" exploits.

THERE has been an immense growth in our lighthouse service during the last few years. The number of lighthouses now aggregates about 700, not including some 800 lights of various descriptions on Western rivers. Fifty thousand dollars will be asked of the next Congress to introduce electric lights in several of the more prominent lighthouses, the first to be placed in the Highland Light, on Ramapo Bay. The lights proposed for this purpose have been thoroughly tested, and are said to be in every manner satisfactory and much more effective than the ordinary lights now in use. The estimates for the new work proposed during the year and for the support of the service amount to about \$3,000,000.

AN effort was made in the recent census to obtain trustworthy data as to the cost of farm fences throughout the country. The result is likely to surprise the average reader. It is shown by the returns that the cost of fencing in eleven States is \$13,565,747, and it is estimated that in the country at large the cost of fences will be found to be greater than the entire value of the live-stock, horses, mules, cattle, sheep and swine they were built to guard against. A writer of considerable experience and reputation has stated that the fence tax on the farms in the State of New York is three and a half times greater per acre than the State, county and township taxes upon the land; but in the absence of accurate data, it would perhaps be unsafe to accept this estimate as correct.

THE destruction of property by fire during September, in the United States and Canada, amounted to \$13,250,000. The forest fires in Michigan and elsewhere swept away \$4,000,000 worth of property at the lowest estimate. The *Commercial Bulletin* says that, apart from the three great conflagrations of modern American history, it cannot recall a single month so full of fiery disaster to this country as that just closed, and it adds: "With every allowance for pure accident and elemental adversities—such as the drought, lightning, etc.—the great bulk of all this waste must still be charged upon that disregard of plain precautions which has started and fed these flames. Care might have prevented nine-tenths of the fires. But carelessness, in fact, has been the incendiary, and for carelessness there is no other penalty than loss, in which too often the innocent suffer more than the guilty."

THE Roman Catholic clergy in some parts of Pennsylvania are denouncing with great severity the business of graveyard life insurance, and all persons who are connected with it. It is high time that the pulpit, as well as the press, should open fire on this ghastly iniquity. Scarcely a day passes that some fresh enormity is not disclosed in connection with the business. One case is mentioned of an old woman who died recently, upon whose life several policies in speculative companies had been taken out by outsiders. It is charged that the woman died for the want of proper attention from her physician, who is said to be largely interested in death-bed insurance, holding many policies on aged and infirm people, and being also the medical adviser of several graveyard companies. Another case is mentioned in which a syndicate of insurance sharks profit to the extent of \$200,000 by the death of an old man whose life they had in-

sured. Certainly, it would seem that the State should be able to put a stop to this sort of thing; and it is gratifying to learn that the Governor has declared he will grant no more charters to graveyard companies, unless the courts of competent jurisdiction require him to do so. This, however, will not eradicate the evil, and nothing short of its extermination should content the authorities.

THE Calderon Government in Peru appears to have practically ceased to exist. Governing at the outset only a limited territory, it has recently lost control over even this narrow area, so that now it does not possess a soldier, a policeman, nor a clerk; under it no one does duty: to it no one renders allegiance. It has no known expenditures, while its receipts consist of bank notes which it is having printed *ad libitum* in this city, and which, though valueless, are put in circulation. Meanwhile the marauding Montonero bands continue to ravage the country, and at the last accounts were said to meditate an attack on Lima, in which the Chilean force does not exceed six thousand men. Unless the Peruvians shall assert themselves in some more resolute fashion than they have yet done in co-operation with the efforts of their conquerors to establish a stable administration, it may yet be found that Chili can only achieve the ends for which war was made by the absorption of the country now lying prone and stolid at her feet.

MR. GEORGE BLISS, who has been retained by the Government in the Star Route cases, has made a statement as to the purpose of the prosecution, which should set at rest all speculations on this subject. In his crisp, emphatic way Mr. Bliss says:

"Apparently because everything is not done at once in the Star Route cases by counsel who were retained only fifteen days ago, it is suggested that there is an intention to protect some one. There is no such intention. Before I accepted a retainer, I received the strongest assurances that there was no disposition to protect any guilty person. If any one believes that Chester A. Arthur will either directly or indirectly interfere to prevent the ends of justice from being accomplished, he doesn't know him; and if any one believes I propose to 'let up' on any seemingly guilty man, unless he can be of use in convicting some one bigger or more guilty than himself, I am vain enough to think he doesn't know me. I propose, so far as is in my power, that every one shall have a fair trial, but that there be a trial in every case where counsel believe there is sufficient evidence of guilt."

As to the case of ex-Senator Dorsey, Mr. Bliss says the facts in regard to it have been gathered under the supervision of Mr. James and Attorney-general McVeagh during months of faithful labor. The result is now in the hands of counsel, that they may reduce the charges to legal form; and as speedily as possible—probably within two or three weeks—the formal steps necessary to procure a submission of the case to a jury will be completed.

THE other day there appeared in one of the police courts of this city, on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses, an individual who only a few years ago was the Governor of a State, and occupied a conspicuous place in the politics of the country. Elevated to that dignity by corruption and fraud, he carried into his administration all the debaucheries of carpet-bag rule; he levied tribute on every legislative measure which required his signature: he instituted scheme after scheme for the appropriation of public funds to his private purse; he granted, for pay, wholesale pardons to notorious criminals; and when, at the end of his official term—the most profligate and extravagant in recent history—he retired to private life, he was followed by the execrations of all honest men. His career since then has been steadily downward. Branded as a conspirator against the welfare and good name of his State, with all his ill-gotten gains devoured by coarse excesses, he has sought to live by the sharp practices and petty frauds to which the social outlaw habitually resorts; and so it came to pass that he at last fell into the clutch of the police, and now occupies a felon's cell. Surely, the career of Ex-Governor Franklin J. Moses, of South Carolina, illustrating as it does the certainty of retributive justice as against open and flagrant crime, should embody a warning to all politicians who think to prosper by dishonest methods and the abuse of solemn trusts committed to their hands by the people.

SOME of the newspapers seem to be very much troubled about the political future of Secretary Blaine. Taking it for granted that he will retire from the Cabinet, one proposes that he shall run for Governor of Maine; another that the Representative in Congress from the Augusta District shall resign in order that Mr. Blaine may be elected in his place and become Speaker of the House; another suggests that the President should invite Senator Hale or Senator Frye to accept a Cabinet position, and thus make room for the return of the Secretary to the Senate; while still another thinks that the proper thing to do would be to send him as Minister to England or Germany. There are two obvious objections to all these propositions. One is that the Government is not exclusively the property of Mr. Blaine, to be run entirely in his interest; and the second is that he is quite able to take care of himself without the employment of extraordinary methods in his behalf. There need be no fear at all that his great abilities will fail to find a field of usefulness, should he care to remain actively in public life. He has made his way to the position he occupies in our politics—a position which is second in power and eminence to that of no man in the country—by the force of masterful ability and thorough equipment for affairs, and these qualities will give him a positive and predominant influence whether in or out of official station. The newspapers which are taking so much pains to fix Mr. Blaine's precise place in our politics would do well to bestow their attention upon some more necessary object of sympathy.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Garfield fund amounts to over \$337,000.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR positively refuses to hear or consider any applications for office.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has passed resolutions in favor of free canals.

SOVEREIGNS and gold bars to the amount of \$1,000,000 have been received at San Francisco from Australia.

REPORTS from 167 towns in Connecticut, which held local elections on the 2d instant, show a large Republican gain.

THE hostile Apaches in Arizona have broken up into small struggling bands which, it is thought, can be soon subdued.

GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON was last week nominated for Governor of Minnesota by the Democratic State Convention.

THE Massachusetts Democratic State Convention last week nominated Hon. Charles F. Thompson for Governor, with a full State ticket.

CAPTAIN H. W. HOWGATE, late of the Signal Service, has been again arrested and imprisoned for a further embezzlement of \$94,000.

THE new Republican State Committee of New York contains twenty members opposed to Conkling rule and thirteen prepared to sustain it.

THE Masonic Grand Lodge of Illinois has appropriated \$10,000 for the relief of the members of the craft who are sufferers by the recent fires in Michigan.

IN the Star Route cases the accused plunderers have been compelled to give bail. A motion to quash the information against them, made last week, is not yet decided.

A RING in the Pension Office for the purpose of defrauding the Government is reported from Washington, and the irregularities promise to rival those in the Star Route cases.

THREE companies of troops have marched from Fort Keogh, Montana Territory, to arrest buffalo hunters who have threatened to attack the Yanktonian Indians on their reservation.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD's remains have been transferred to a bronze casket, which it is proposed to keep permanently exposed to view in a crypt to be built for that purpose.

THE Republican National Committee met in New York City last week, and passed resolutions deploring the death of President Garfield, indorsing President Arthur, and calling upon all patriotic citizens to support him.

THE first of a line of steamers from Wilmington, N. C., to Liverpool sailed last week with \$200,000 worth of cotton and naval stores. This is the first steamer for a foreign port which has left this city since the war.

THE three Iron Mountain Railroad train robbers, recently captured in Texas and taken to Arkansas, have been sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of seventy years, the sentence being cumulative, fourteen years being the limit fixed for robbery.

AMONG the resolutions passed by the New York State Republican Convention, last week, was one in favor of the appointment of a Railroad Commission to represent within proper limits the State in its dealings with railroads, and to protect the interests of the people of this State as affected by them.

DURING the past year there were delivered in the 109 free delivery offices of the country 262,425,668 mail letters, 69,968,559 mail postal cards, 76,733,208 local letters, 43,898,158 local postal cards, 2,126,309 registered letters and 146,417,114 newspapers. The total cost of the service for the year was \$2,493,972.14.

THE New York Republican State Convention, held last week, nominated General Joseph B. Carr for Secretary of State, State Senator Ira Davenport for Comptroller, Leslie W. Russell for Attorney-General, General Husted, of Westchester, for State Treasurer; Elias Seymour for State Engineer, and Judge Francis M. Finch for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

THE National Farmers' Alliance, at a meeting in Chicago last week, adopted a series of resolutions opposing all monopolies, disapproving of free railroad passes, demanding impartial laws for regulating the transportation of freight and passengers, and declaring that the adulteration of articles of food should be punished as severely as the counterfeiting of money.

THERE have been copious rains in many parts of the West during the last fortnight. Reports from Central Missouri show an almost unprecedented fall of water in that region. The Upper Mississippi also is at flood tide—higher, it is said, than it has been known to be before at this season. So unprecedented has been the recent drought, however, that the floods are gladly welcomed.

DR. BLISS, in his report of the treatment of President Garfield, states that the diagnosis was wrong, though the prognosis was right. He says it was impossible to trace the course of the ball and to expose it, and that during the whole case there was scarcely any symptom of peritonitis. The President, he admits, declared himself at a certain stage of the treatment to be perfectly satisfied with his physicians.

Foreign.

THE number of Irish "suspects" now in prison is 133.

THE Nihilists' headquarters in St. Petersburg are said to have been discovered and sixty arrests made.

MINISTER MORTON reports that the French harvest will be inferior to that of last year, but will be in advance of those of 1877, 1878 or 1879.

THE electoral campaign is in progress in Germany, and the Liberals have held a great meeting at Berlin, at which Bismarck's domestic policy was denounced.

LORD O'HAGAN, the Irish Lord Chancellor, pronounces the Land Act the greatest measure of the century, and thinks that great good will result from the movement in favor of the restoration of Irish manufactures.

THE workmen in the Staffordshire potteries have given notice of a demand for an advance of wages to November. The masters have passed a resolution resisting the demand, and a strike must ensue. Such a strike would involve from 60,000 to 80,000 men.

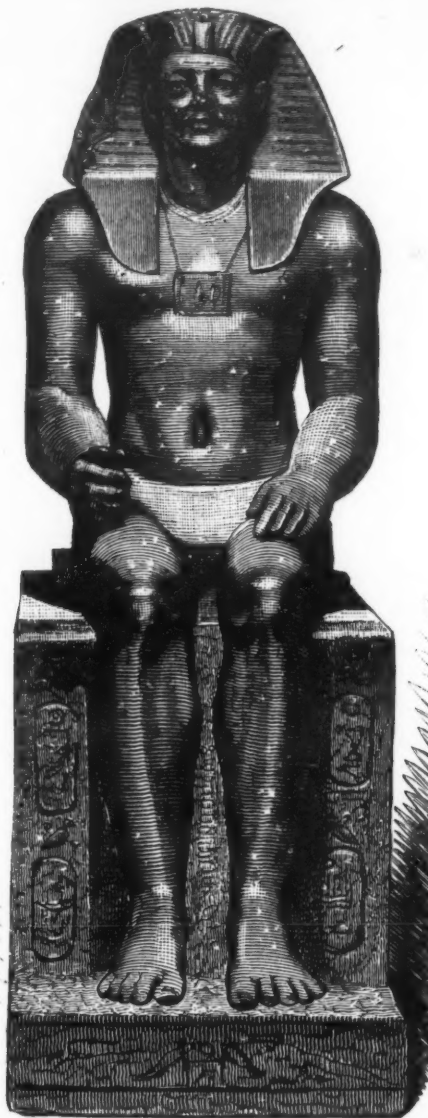
It is said that General Sir Patrick L. McDougall, commander of the troops at Halifax, Nova Scotia, will go to Ottawa on the departure of the Marquis of Lorne for England, and be sworn in as Administrator of the Government of Canada during the Governor-general's absence.

AT the Socialist Congress at Chur, last week, the American delegate gave a despondent account of the condition of Socialism in this country. He said that the number of Socialist newspapers here has been reduced by one-half since 1877, and that the better times have caused a thinning of their ranks. It was resolved to hold a congress in Paris in 1883.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 127.



OPENED CASE AND MUMMY OF KING AMOSIS.



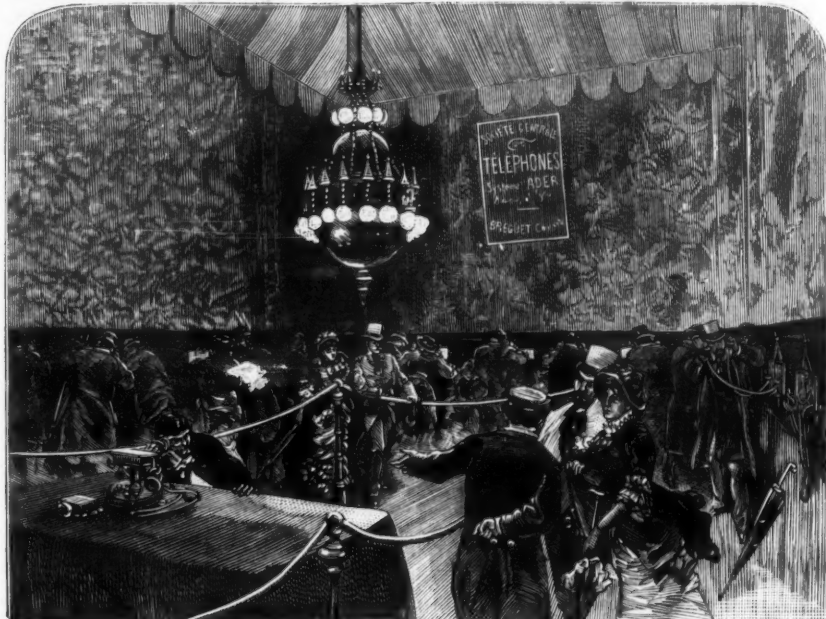
COLOSSAL STATUE OF RAMSES II.



MUMMY CASE OF RAMSES II.



EGYPT.—THE CLIFF NEAR THEBES WHERE THE ROYAL MUMMIES WERE FOUND.



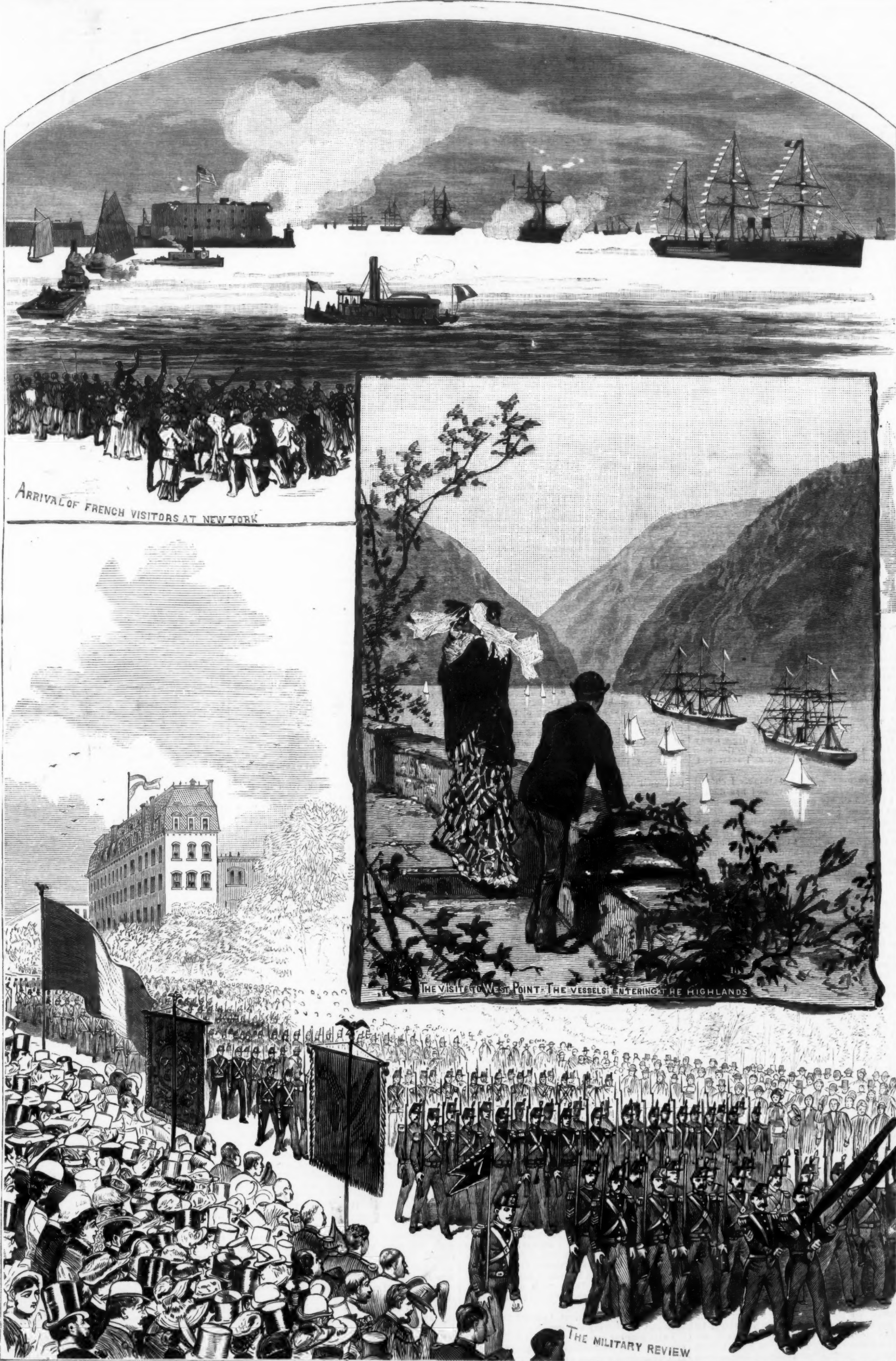
FRANCE.—ENJOYING OPERA BY TELEPHONE AT THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCESS OF WALES NAMING THE NEW DOCK AT LIVERPOOL.



DOMINION OF CANADA.—WINNIPEG, THE CAPITAL OF MANITOBA.



ARRIVAL OF FRENCH VISITORS AT NEW YORK

THE VISIT TO WEST POINT: THE VESSELS ENTERING THE HIGHLANDS

THE MILITARY REVIEW

A DAUGHTER OF DESTINY.

By H. WELLINGTON VROOMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the week before Christmas—three months after. In the garden where the marigolds had blossomed, the day he came home, the snow lay deep, barely touching the lower branches of the apple-trees as they bent downwards with their white load. Through the boughs I could see even the other end of the garden where, down by the wall, the stream was hidden, with nothing but a depression to mark its course, where it flowed under the snow-covered ice. Beyond rose the tower of the church, with clouds of sparrows fluttering about the whitened ivy. The early dusk was falling rapidly, a bluish grayness stealing over the earth, yet I stood, still gazing out of the study-window, with eyes that did not heed the change, for I was mentally gazing back through the last three months, and I saw—only defeat. For three months I had striven to counteract the effect of my unfortunate introduction to him, and had failed. He had never alluded by word or act to what I knew he considered my cruelty, but there had been an invisible wall of ice between us, which had apparently resisted every effort of mine to melt. I had deliberately planned my attack, carefully executed it, leaving no stone unturned, no means neglected, which could win his love; and I had done this with such art that, had he been the Angel Gabriel, I felt sure he would not have mistrusted my purpose. But, as I reflected bitterly, he was a man without a heart—a St. Anthony. Once or twice I had seen that peculiar expression in his eyes which seemed to indicate that he felt some vague danger from looking at me, but that was all. Biting my lips with anger I turned away from the window to the piano, and began Kingsley's song, "The Three Fishers." As the last line died away—

"The sooner it's over the sooner to sleep!"

I heard a suppressed sob near me. Was there any one in the room? I had come in carelessly, not thinking to look. I turned and peered through the gloom. Then, from a large, sleepy hollow in one corner rose the object of my reverie, and came towards me.

"What is the matter?" I asked softly. "Has it made you feel sad? Forgive me, I did not know you were there."

"No, it was not that. I am glad you sang," he answered, sadly, stopping and looking at me.

I could see, even in the dusk, that his eyes were full of tears.

"But it is so true; 'the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep!' I am tired of it—tired of this struggle with myself! Ah! we are all mortal, and the flesh is weak," and he threw up his arms passionately.

I rose and came near him.

"What do you mean?" I asked, gently. "You are not well—it is too much study. You are quite feverish; shall I not tell Mrs. Marslow to make you?"

As I spoke I laid my hand lightly on his wrist. The skin was hot and dry. A shudder ran through him as he hastily drew away his hand. I could have struck him in the face, but my voice was like a flute as I answered, sadly:

"Forgive me; I did not think. I should have remembered what my hand has done," and I turned slowly away.

But he sprang towards me.

"No, no, it is not that! You do not think me so hard-hearted—so revengeful as that! I have thought for a long time that, perhaps, it was only natural you should lose your temper under the circumstances. It is not that—"

I stood quietly, still half-turned from him, my head bent down. He went on rapidly, drawing a step nearer:

"No, the act alone was not so much, but what I saw in your eyes when I first saw you looking down at the dog—what came to me like a voice from heaven, what has haunted me ever since!"

I turned quickly to him. This was something new—something more dangerous than I had dreamed of. But I answered sadly, as before:

"Yes, you are right, I have a bad temper. You do not know how I have grieved over it."

"It was not mere temper," he said, slowly, as if he wished to keep the words back but could not. "It was a fiend which looked from your eyes, which I knew would—would feel as mercilessly, not as cruelly if instead of the dog, I—"

He stopped with a gasp.

But I saw what he meant. This fool, half-boy, half-saint, had read in my eyes divined in my soul, that which I had not dreamed of before, daughter of a murderer as I was! I shuddered, but said innocently: "What? Go on!"

"No, I do not, I cannot believe it," he cried, seizing my hands. "It is a base injustice!"

There was a gleam of light beneath the door, a step in the hall. I pushed him quickly towards the chair he had left, and sitting down again at the piano began Mozart's "Evening Requiem," but my hands trembled with rage at the tall, angular form which brought in the light, then bent over the figure in the corner.

"Why, darling, your head is as hot as if you had the fever! The rector is making you study too much: I told him so yesterday!" she exclaimed, sharply. "Come with me, Ralph; I'll give you something that'll cool your blood. Rachel, come in to tea!" and she led the way, he following with down bent head.

I hated her then more than before. If she had not come at that moment, what might he not have said in the sharp reaction which followed his avowal of distrust? In his generous desire to be just he had evidently lost control over himself, had disregarded his intuitive suspicion and his love for me, for now I saw

what he had been striving to smother for so long would have driven on to that from which there would have been no return! I should have held his heart within my hand. He would have been my slave! And now, she had been his unconscious savior from a danger which he would never again allow himself to near! Yet I played on to the end, and then went in to tea. It was very fortunate to have such nerves, I thought, as I stopped to look at my face in the hall mirror. There was not a trace of the volcano which had burned up within me. My face was as calm, as angelic, as the face of St. Cecilia.

As we sat around the table, the rector, who, after grace, generally floated away in a dream of the next Sunday's sermon, or the hot flannel society, or some other parish care, gazed first at Ralph and then at me with a face which shone with more than usual "good-will towards men." In fact, he seemed on the point of speaking, but apparently reconsidered it, and set to work upon the plate of hot muffins before him.

I ate little and said nothing, a grave, sad expression upon my face, which seemed to make Ralph more miserable than ever, for he looked at me uneasily once or twice, which I returned with a saint-like dropping of the corners of my mouth and eyes that said to him, "You have grossly misjudged me, but I forgive you even for your utmost wrong."

Mrs. Marslow soon became conscious behind the tea-urn of the unusual silence, and glanced sharply from one to the other.

"Don't you feel better, Ralph? I'm afraid I didn't put enough sulphur in that draught."

He moved uneasily in his chair, but before he could reply the rector burst out:

"Bless my soul, Dorothy, it's just what I was saying to you! The children have had nothing to keep them awake these two months! Both of them are looking poorly, and need a little excitement. They shall go, shall they?"

She did not answer, but looked anxiously at Ralph. Hastily taking her silence for assent, he plucked a letter from his pocket and said, with a smile that seemed to radiate light and heat throughout the room:

"What do you think I have here, Rachel—Ralph? We both stared at him silently. "You needn't look so solemn! The Pendlehursts have come up from Manchester to spend Christmas at the Hall. They are to give a grand ball there next week, Thursday, in honor of their son's return from—I am sure I have forgotten—India, or Patagonia, I believe. It doesn't matter, though for this is an invitation for you, Rachel, to make your first appearance in society at Pendlehurst Hall; and you're invited too, Ralph," and he flourished the note above his head.

Yes, I remembered the Pendlehursts—or, rather, their pew in the church, which was always empty, and which, with its armorial bearings carved upon the oak door and its silk cushions, I had often envied. I had wandered through the park, around the great hall, across the valley, and looked over at the parsonage across the town, wondering whether it would ever be my lot to leave it for such a place. Why not "the best of the land"? Now I was to go there—what was he like? I looked at the rector, but did not answer, simply because there was something in my throat which almost choked me. My face grew red, then white. What I had longed for had come. Next Thursday I should begin to live—I had only existed before.

CHAPTER V.

IT was all settled, and for the next week the house was in confusion. A seamstress came up from the town, and we three worked night and day upon my ball-dress—a rose-pink silk, trimmed with illusion. The rector was very generous, and when it was completed, the sewing-woman declared that there was not a prettier dress made in the place for the ball. "No, nor in Manchester either, where many a lady has sent for hers, for I was there last week, and ought to know!"

Ralph and I saw but little of each other, and then were reserved and distant. He did not wish to go, as I could see, but escape was impossible.

At last the night came, and I was arrayed. Even Mrs. Marslow's face relaxed as she looked at me.

"I guess you'll do, child; but don't be vain or giddy, and let your head be turned by what the gentlemen will say to you. They whisper the same pretty things to every girl."

I laughed to myself and looked into the glass. Then I went down into the parlor where Ralph was waiting for me, and, softly opening the door, stood before him. He raised his head and sprang to his feet, but staggered back with a cry, covering his face with his hands. I did not move, but stood quietly smiling at him. He recovered himself the next moment and said, huskily:

"Pardon me, I was a little dizzy from rising so quickly. Are you ready?" But he did not have strength to withdraw his eyes this time. I came to him and touched his forehead.

"Poor Ralph, you are not fit to go—see, dizzy yet! Sit down for a little!" He grew pale but shut his teeth, his hand tightly grasping the back of the chair.

"No; let us go at once!"

"You are very cruel. Say that you do not hate me before we go!" I whispered, putting both hands upon his shoulders, my face nearly touching his, my breath fanning his hair.

He gasped as if in a furnace, his lips working convulsively. Then, with a low cry, clasped me in his arms, covering my face with hot, passionate kisses.

"Ah, my God! I cannot, I cannot help it! I love you Rachel, my darling!"

I said nothing but lay quite still in his arms: my eyes closed beneath his burning lips. I would give him one minute of utter bliss and then—

"You do not think me such a fiend as—"

He stopped my words with another long kiss.

"I was a brute—a fool! Forgive me, darling!" he cried.

"Yes, I forgive you. Now your aunt will be here with my wraps in a moment," and I gently put him away, and walked to the window. I had conquered utterly. My resolve made in the garden that day had been kept. Now, I had the power to take a sweet revenge upon him and his aunt. I thought I knew how. Would I do it?

In a few minutes the carriage of Mrs. Major Roberts, one of the powers that were in the parish, who had volunteered to *chaperone* "us two children," arrived, and, half an hour after we drove up the long drive of Pendlehurst Park to the *porte cochère* of the Hall. Ralph's hand trembled so violently as he helped me to alight that I almost fell. As we went up the steps between the footmen towards the light which streamed through the open door, he stepped on my dress so awkwardly that, had not the sewing been done at home, it would have torn the bounce away. But I checked his incoherent apologies with a smile. I could forgive his imbecility since I knew so well its cause. "Are all men such fools?" I wondered. "What manner of being is this son of the Pendlehursts? We shall soon see!" and I half-closed my eyes as if to shade them from the blaze of light as we entered the hall. But it was not the light, but the thought.

A few minutes after I consigned my wraps to several maids in the dressing-room, who stared at me so hard that I felt a vague fear there was something wrong in my appearance. But Mrs. Roberts dispelled my doubts, for she, too, stared at me a moment, and then said, approvingly:

"You are quite pretty, child; your dress is in excellent taste. Who did your hair? and—why, no powder nor rouge, either! Is it possible—what a complexion! It is like a baby's, my dear!"

As we entered the main *salon* I saw that it was full of people, broken up into groups, talking and laughing among themselves. As we advanced my eyes fell, and, for the first time in my life, I was afflicted with a strange inability to raise them. The hum of voices almost ceased. I could feel that they were staring at me. There was a pause which threatened to be awkward, and then I dimly felt the approach of a stately figure in black satin, velvet and diamonds.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Roberts, so kind of you to come. And you have brought the minister's little daughter! My dear, you are not so little as I thought," and she kissed me kindly on the forehead. "Come over here with me. My niece will do better than I can in entertaining you for a few minutes."

I left Mrs. Roberts, about whom several gentlemen gathered eagerly, seemingly asking about me, as we went over to a large bow-window, where there was a group which had not noticed our arrival gathered about some unseen nucleus.

"Alice! Where is she, Mr. Vyner? Oh, you are there. This is my niece, Alice Graham. I will deliver Miss Marslow to your care until I return."

The group had scattered and the nucleus appeared. A tall, slight figure in shimmering light blue silk. Her features were purely classic, except the mouth. The lips were perhaps too thin and colorless. Her eyes were of a pale steely-blue, with light eyebrows and lashes. Her hair was a light-brown, gathered in a Grecian coil at the back, with fillets of pearls threaded through it.

She looked at me keenly a moment; then, with a smile led me to a seat, and, drawing a chair beside me, began to talk in a low clear voice that struck my ears like a current of cold air. I did not say much, but listened quietly as she soon began, in an admirably concise, epigrammatic way to describe who were the different people in the room before us. She did not stay long, but, introducing me to a Mr. Vyner, left me, to attend to a message from Lady Pendlehurst, which he bore. I watched her as she walked across the room. There was a something about her which vaguely chagrined and irritated me. It did not seem to be any superiority in costume; mine, although not so expensive, was quite as well designed and made: nor was it anything upon which I could definitely determine. There was a subtle grace and ease of action and of speech, a perfect self-unconsciousness, which aroused my admiration and my envy. She was evidently the belle: wherever she went she was the centre of attraction. I was forgotten in my out of the way corner with my new companion, Mr. Vyner. He did nothing but gaze uneasily after Miss Graham, of which I was glad, as it gave me time to look around and gather my rather scattered wits together. I was following the figure in light-blue silk as she moved easily from group to group, when I became conscious that some one was watching me. I felt that he—for I knew it was not a woman—was standing partly behind me, near the wall. Changing my position, for the sensation was strangely vivid, I glanced in that direction. My eyes met those of a man leaning indolently against the wall, talking to Mrs. Roberts. They were both looking at me. I felt a slight thrill as, almost with an effort, I dropped my eyes. It was like the disentangling of two rapiers caught in fencing. This person certainly had a very magnetic gaze. I answered some idiotic remark of Mr. Vyner's with one equally so, for I saw beneath my eyelids that Mrs. Roberts was approaching with her companion, who the next moment was bowing low before me as she presented "Sir Alwyn Pendlehurst," and dexterously carried off Mr. Vyner, leaving us alone.

I looked at him as he stood indolently leaning against the corner of the bow window. His figure was tall and powerful, his hands large and red. His face was a shade lighter but looked as if he was a boatman or a farm laborer, one of the children of the earth upon whom the sun beats down day after day, year after year. His long sleepy black eyes were

half-shut under their heavy lids. The nose was aquiline, the mouth full-lipped and sensuous, though half-hidden by a close-cut, dark mustache: the chin massive as a bulldog's, with firm white teeth which gleamed unpleasantly as he spoke. He returned my gaze with interest, a latent fire in his eyes seeming to kindle as he stared. I felt a flush rising to my cheeks as I dropped my eyes to my fan.

"I understand from Mrs. Roberts," he said, languidly, "that this is your first appearance, your *début*, as we say in France."

"Mrs. Roberts was kind enough to inform you correctly," I returned, with an unreasonable anger against my *chaperone*.

"And how do you like it—rather slow isn't it?" he asked, suggestively.

"I do not think so. I am not yet sufficiently acquainted, but the others seem to be enjoying themselves very much."

"Oh, well, you will soon get tired of it. These things don't compare with the affairs we have in Paris. Nothing in this country does."

I glanced out into the room. Miss Graham was watching us stealthily as she listened to a blonde gentleman who stood gesticulating wildly before her. "Ah, Miss Alice," I thought, "are you jealous of your footman of a cousin?" I looked up at him and sighed. "Yes; I suppose we English girls cannot realize how immensely inferior we are to the incomparable Parisiennes. It is rather odd, though, isn't it, that our English men are so greatly superior to the French in everything which constitutes a gentleman?"

He looked down at me for a moment, opening his eyes a little wider, then smiled, showing his white teeth.

"Very well put, upon my word, and I deserve it—forgive me," and he sat down beside me.

I was rather astonished at his comprehension of my remark. He was not such a fool as I thought.

Dropping the subject of comparative national merits, he began to question me concerning Manchester, and asked whether I had been to London. But I was sadly ignorant of both, as I confessed. Recognizing that he led me on to talk of the parsonage and the parish, evidently thinking that I was only a little country girl, whose world lay in the church and the garden at home, I let him think so. He was doubtless bored to death by women of the world. So I launched forth into such a description of the bucolic and pastoral joys of life as experienced at the parsonage and in the neighboring country, that he doubtless imagined me for the time a veritable *Amaryllis*. Perhaps it interested him, perhaps not, but he did not take his gaze from my face, devouring it with eyes which seemed to look at me as if I were some handsome model or *danseuse*. Probably he had been accustomed to the society of such the greater part of his life. It would not be long before he should think me a St. Cecilia.

I was in the midst of a glowing description of the joys of a cold bath in Summer before breakfast, in the stream by the garden wall, when, to my dismay, from the conservatory floated out into the *salon* the strains of a waltz, and, as if by magic, the room was filled with dancers. His face grew a darker red than before as he rose with eyes that gleamed with anticipation.

"Can I have the pleasure?"

I saw Miss Graham hastening towards us. I would have given half the world to have been able to take his arm and float away from her in his arms, but I could not dance, as I sadly confessed, while one more mark was added to the list against Mrs. Marslow, who had forbidden my learning. In another moment she was with us in time to hear my refusal.

"No—you do not dance? That is too bad—it is such a pleasure! Alwyn, your mother wishes you at once—with your permission, Miss Marslow."

He rose, looking at her sidewise, and went slowly away.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE drew a deep breath, as if of relief. "It is positively too bad that that thoughtless fellow should have bored you so long. He is so forgetful of all proprieties. I suppose it is from his being so long among the most uncivilized people all over the world. He has just returned, you know, from a tour of five years through Europe and India. Lady Pendlehurst has been for a long time trying to get him back again before he was utterly ruined. He can scarcely blame him, though, for delaying his return. He will have such an unpleasant task before him," she sighed, looking after him.

"Indeed!" I said. "May I ask what is this unpleasant task?"

"Oh, yes. You know so much of the estate in its mills, and all that in Manchester, and they have been shamefully neglected since his father died. I suppose you have heard of the Pendlehurst Mills?"

She looked at me, suddenly, as she spoke. I could not repress a start. Know them! I had not associated the names before, but I saw now that it was in one of them I had worked for eight years!

"I believe I have heard them spoken of, somewhere," I answered, carelessly.

"I do hope he will take some measures to better things among the artisans," she continued. "Their condition, I understand is something dreadful! Think of the poor wretches living in some horrible tenement, and working for a pittance sixteen hours a day from one year's end to the other—living and dying like beasts, with no hope of anything better but death!"

She looked at me again. Her words were very philanthropic, but her voice was as cold as pitiless as the wind from an iceberg. I felt that she did not mean what she said. Did she wish to draw me out, to trap me into saying any-

thing which betrayed a knowledge of the life or the condition of the mill hands? Did she suspect me? and if so, why? A vague alarm rose within me. There may have been something in my eyes as I glanced at her which betrayed my fear and distrust of her, for her own glittered for a moment with answering hatred. Then, softly excusing herself she rose as if to go, but sat down again suddenly. The music had ceased and the dancers subsided. Sir Alwyn was coming back. He looked at her through his half-closed lids in a way that made her turn almost pale.

"You must have been laboring under some peculiar reverberation of understanding, Alice. It was not me but yourself whom my mother wishes," and he offered her his arm. "Excuse me for a moment. I will be back directly," he said, looking down at me, as she rose slowly and took his arm.

I smiled sweetly at her as she left me. Really our love for each other was becoming quite surprising! His words were literally kept for her return in another minute.

"She is to sing; there is a German idiot with a voice, who will save me the trouble of turning the music. You were speaking of your baths. What kind of a bathing-suit do you wear? You should come to Trouville. The ladies do the thing properly there. A single, skin-tight—"

"Hush!" I said, coldly rising. "Your cousin has begun. We cannot hear her. Shall we go nearer to the piano?"

He bit his lip, but gave me his arm, and we moved slowly from the window. Her voice was highly cultivated and finely handled, but lacked strength and sweetness. After she had finished the German, the blonde gentleman who had been talking to her earlier in the evening took her place and sang in an exquisite tenor. He sang a good night song to Marguerite. As he ended Sir Alwyn looked at me.

"That last was rather good, but it should be followed by the garden song of Marguerite herself."

"Yes; that is a beautiful thing," I answered, simply.

Something in my tone struck him, for he asked quickly:

"Do you, too, sing?"

"A very little," I answered; "I am learning."

"And the garden song?"

"I have heard it."

"Then will you sing it?"

I stared at him. "Me—here?"

"Certainly; why not? Come!" And before I could resist he was leading me to the piano.

I sat down and struck a few chords, standing by my side but I felt that I should break down after a few notes. I glanced around despairingly, and caught the gaze of Miss Graham. In it were mingled surprise and contempt at my audacity, and a malicious expectation of what I was on the point of doing—breaking down. It acted like an electric shock. My tear disappeared, and, fixing my eyes on those of Sir Alwyn beside me, I began, unconscious of the presence of any but those two in the room.

The rector had spared no expense in the training of my voice. An old Italian, who, it was said, had once, years before, been a famous tenor upon the boards of "La Scala," came up from Manchester twice a week to a few pupils in Dumfriescombe, one of whom I had been. My voice was naturally rich and of unusual compass, and gave great promise. Still I had never dreamed of such a triumph as I won that night. I sang to him and to her—to fill the soul of one with madness, the other with bitterness. Did I succeed? When I ended he drew a long, convulsive breath, almost a gasp, and closed his eyes, which, for the first time, had been fully opened, gazing into mine as I sang. I glanced at her. She was very pale, her eyes fixed on him. A confused hum of admiration and applause arose. Many crowded around me—Lady Pendlehurst and the German tenor among the foremost.

"My dear, we never dreamed that such a nightingale was hidden among us," she said, warmly; while the tenor, and the throng as chorus, entreated me to sing again; but I rose, rather pale, I suppose, for the hostess kindly led me away. "Come, Herr Rammeritz, won't you step into the breach and favor us? Miss Marlow has done quite enough for one evening. I am sure. Come over here with me, my dear; I want to talk with you."

An hour after Sir Alwyn left me in the conservatory a moment to get some ices. My seat was behind a large tropical fern. He had scarcely disappeared when two ladies passed, stopping for a moment before a large flowering shrub near me.

"You said, did you not, Mrs. Roberts, that she was the only child?" the younger lady asked, pulling off the blossoms from the shrub.

"Yes, the only child," the other answered.

"It is strange!" the first one murmured.

"What is strange—that there should be no more children?"

"Oh, no; I thought it rather odd that she should not resemble either her father or her mother in the least."

"Oh, that often happens. Come, you will take cold here without a shawl," and they passed on. I sat still. It did seem rather cold there. I had not felt it before.

"Where is Mr. Godwin?" my chaperone asked, as we stood in the door at three o'clock that morning, almost the last of the guests.

I started. Surely where was he? I had not thought of him since we entered the *salon*.

"Who is Mr. Godwin?" Sir Alwyn asked, carelessly, as he wrapped my shawl more closely around me.

As he spoke a figure appeared beside Mrs. Roberts.

"I am here," he said, and, offering her his arm, led the way down the steps.

"Oh, that pale-faced boy; is he your cousin?" my escort remarked, indifferently. "Made himself quite scarce this evening, though I remem-

ber seeing him staring out at you from odd nooks and corners two or three times, with his eyes as big as saucers. Rather bashful yet, I suppose, but that is a thing a few years will remedy."

"Hush!" I whispered, pressing his arm; "he will hear you."

"It is quite immaterial—but remember,"

lowering his voice, "I shall call Saturday with Abdallah, at three—good night," and his eyes gleamed from beneath his heavy lids as he pressed my hand.

I shuddered at his touch; I could feel it all the way home. To be the wife of such a man—

"Where have you hidden yourself all the evening, Ralph?" Mrs. Roberts asked, as we drove down to the park gate. "I saw you only twice."

"In the flowers—I was admiring them in the conservatory," he answered, in a muffled voice.

"Ah, you are very deep, though not so deep but that old eyes like mine can see to the bottom!" she cried, tapping his shoulder with her fan. "Some interesting young lady, eh? That's right, you are quite excusable!" and the good lady chuckled at her penetration all the way home.

"What do you mean by it?" he asked, hotly, confronting me as I came into the study for a moment with my riding-habit on.

It was Saturday. I was waiting for Sir Alwyn and the Arabian, Abdallah, which he had promised to bring. This was the first time Ralph had spoken to me since that night, having kept his room the greater part of the time "from a bad cold." "Of course, taken at the ball," his aunt said, finding in it another argument against such dissipation.

"What do you mean by it?" he repeated.

He had grown thinner and paler; his eyes seemed strangely large and sunken. I looked at him curiously, then asked:

"What do you mean by 'it'?"

"Can you ask me?" he cried, almost choking with some sudden emotion. "By—by going with him now, by being with him then, talking to him, singing that love-song to him, going to dinner with him, letting him escort you to the carriage, turning your back on me, pretending not to see me a dozen times during that—that affair?"

I looked at him in honest amazement, then said, gently:

"Upon my word, Ralph, I did not see you once. I wondered where you had gone, but concluded you were still angry with me."

He laughed incredulously.

"Did not see me! Then it was because you were blind to any one but him—brute that he is!"

"You are going too far," I said, coldly, turning away. "I was not aware that I had given you the right to dictate my escorts. Sir Alwyn Pendlehurst is a gentleman and my friend."

"Yes, a gentleman, to call me an awkward boy, who would improve by years. But that is nothing. Are you going with him now?"

I almost laughed. It was quite amusing. He had heard Sir Alwyn's words, then. But I turned away gravely.

"When you are in a mood to talk rationally, Ralph, we will renew this conversation," and left him standing by the window with down-bent head.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

On August 15th the well-known Professor of Physics, Dr. Wilhelm Weber, of Göttingen University, celebrated the day when, fifty years ago, he was called to that University from Halle. He is now seventy-seven years of age, and lectured until a few years ago.

The Work of Improving Galveston Harbor is going on rapidly. The steamship *San Antonio* crossed the bar one day last week, drawing thirteen feet nine inches. This is said to be, by four or five inches, the deepest draught ever obtained on the bar, even at highest spring tide.

Count Waldberg, the Arctic explorer, who has just returned to Hammerfest from a journey to the lower Yenisei in a Bremen merchant steamer, is reported as declaring such navigation possible every year, despite the difficulties which have hitherto been held to surround it.

Professor Friebury observed Denning's comet at Washington, October 5th, 17 hours, 19 minutes, 33 seconds. Washington mean time; right ascension, 9 hours, 40 minutes, 3.8 seconds; declination, 16 degrees, 6 minutes, 33 seconds. The comet is quite bright. It has a well-defined nucleus and a small tail.

The Forest Fires which have lately devastated Eastern Michigan were not without compensation. While they destroyed many human lives and much valuable property, they also swept clean of brush and scrub growth thousands of acres of good soil, which would otherwise have remained a wilderness, but which is now ready for immediate cultivation.

A German Chemist has made an analysis of the salts that are dissolved in the water of the Dead Sea. The result leaves scarcely a doubt in his mind that this lake, traversed as it is by the Jordan, and fed chiefly by it, owes its peculiar water to a rock-salt bed, and, in the first instance, to the upper layers, which contain much magnesia.

Electricity is now employed in the rectification of inferior alcohol. The electricity generated by a Voltaic battery and a dynamo-electric machine is passed through the alcohol so as to disengage the superfluous hydrogen. By this means best root alcohol, which is usually very poor, can be made to yield 80 per cent. of spirits, equal to that obtained from the best malt.

Experiments by German scientists in ascertaining the peculiarities of the electric light establish the fact that it is not only healthier than other methods of illumination in leaving the air purer, but that it increases the power of the vision in some respects, especially in distinguishing colors. Red, green, blue and yellow are made much more distinct and marked under this light than by daylight.

It is suggested that the sumac, that bush whose beautiful scarlet and yellow leaves are gathered by many in the Autumn for decoration, should be more cultivated, as its importation costs the country about \$1,000,000 per annum. These leaves, when dried and ground, are largely used in tanning and dyeing, on account of the tannic acid they contain. The sumac now imported

comes from Italy, and is there properly cultivated, but it has been found that the wild American plant is actually superior to the Italian, and it is determined to give proper attention to so prolific an industry.

A World's Geological Congress met in Bologna September 26th, and is expected to do something to effect uniformity in geological nomenclature. Bologna is a rather out-of-the-way place for such a body, although the present body meets as a result of the geological convention held at Paris in 1873, and not much can be expected from the coming congress; but much might be done for geology if the naming of rocks could be straightened out. Almost every State in this country and each country in Europe has its own names for each stratum within its limits, and the work of co-ordinating them is still far distant.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Recently Discovered Royal Mummies.

The recent discovery of thirty-nine mummies of royal and priestly personages at Deir-el-Bahari, near Thebes, has created the utmost interest in scientific and historical circles. Of this number, twenty-six have been identified, and the remainder are being studied with unusual keenness. The following is Brugsch Bey's description of our engravings: No. 2—King Aahmes I. (Amosis), the founder of the eighteenth dynasty. The mummy is inclosed in three plain wooden mummy-cases bearing the King's *nomen* and *prenomen*. The face and arms are carved in high relief, arms crossed and resting upon the breast, hands holding the *crux ansata* and sceptre. Above the facial portrait is carved the *pschent*, a crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, with two *uraei* serpents. The upper halves of the cases represent feathered wings. It was Aahmes I. who drove the Shepherd Kings out of Egypt and who suppressed the rebellion in Nubia. No. 17—King Ramesses II.—the third King of the nineteenth dynasty, and the Pharaoh of the Jewish captivity. The mummy is in a perfect state of preservation, but of the three mummy-cases in which it once probably reposed, only one remains. This mummy-case is of plain sycamore wood, unpainted and unvarnished. It is carved to represent Ramesses in the position of Osiris. The crossed arms rest upon the breast. In the right hand is the royal whip, and in the left is the royal hook. The features are most beautifully and delicately carved, and are surmounted by the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, with the *uraei* serpent. The mummy-case is a most graceful and animated specimen of sculpture, displaying, in all its purity, the firm and flowing lines of the period of the Egyptian Renaissance. The *nomen* and *prenomen* cartouches of Ramesses are written in plain black characters upon the mummy-case, which bears no other text or representations whatever, and, in its beautiful simplicity, contrasts strangely with the pompous and exaggerated dedications of almost all other inscriptions which mention the name of Ramesses the Great. The mummy itself is wrapped in rose-colored and yellow linen of a texture finer than the finest India muslin, upon which lotus-flowers are strewn. One of the bands which pass across the shrouds to keep them in place bears a hieratic inscription stating that this, the mummy of Ramesses II., was concealed in a pit at a time when a foreign army invaded Egypt. The colossal statue of Ramesses II., shown in one of the illustrations, is the one now preserved in the Museum of Bulog.

Opening the New Docks at Liverpool.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were favored with the real Queen's weather on the day they opened the new docks at Liverpool. Driving from Croxteth Park, where they had been the guests of the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Royal party passed through a vast crowd to the landing stage, where they embarked on board the *Cloughdon*, the band playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales," whilst a Royal salute was fired from H. M. S. *Defence*, the yards of which were manned. The *Cloughdon* then steamed through the Canada Basin into the Langton Dock, in which were berthed large steamships representative of the great lines, and the Royal visitors having landed with Mr. Hornby, the Chairman of the Dock Board, the Prince set in motion machinery for opening the great sea-gates by pulling a lever, the handle of which being removed, proved to be a bunting-knife, and was presented to his Royal Highness. The party re-embarked on the *Cloughdon*, which steamed through the Alexandra Dock, on naming which the Princess, with a gold and jeweled penknife, severed a silken cord, which let fall a weight upon a bottle of wine. The knife, which formed the handle of a parasol, was then screwed on, and the *souvenir* presented to the Princess. At both the opening and naming ceremonies there was great cheering, while salutes were fired by H. M. S. *Agincourt* and the batteries on both sides of the river, including the new one at the Seaford end of the river wall, which is armed with four 35 ton guns.

View of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, visited by the Marquis of Lorne and suite during his great trip to the extreme northwestern portion of the Dominion of Canada, is a city of from 12,000 to 15,000 population, made up largely of Canadians, with a fair representation of the American or Yankee element, and not a few Indians and half-breeds. The city is located on the prairie, skirting the south side of which courses the Red River. Here it is that the Assiniboine River enters the Red, a stream almost as large as the Red, and navigable 400 miles north from this place. At this point is shipped and received the large supplies of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their trading-posts number some seventy odd, and are distributed hundreds of miles on the frontier north and west. From these posts are shipped, to their main store, at Winnipeg, furs and such other frontier products as will find a ready market, and for which all kinds of supplies, such as flour, bacon, clothing, etc., are returned. Most of the principal business houses of Winnipeg are located on Main Street, which is almost a mile in length. On this thoroughfare may be found many very creditable buildings, notably of which may be named those of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Bank of Montreal, either of which would be a credit, in point of size, architecture and elegance of finish to New York, Chicago or Boston.

Enjoying Opera by Telephone.

One of the many interesting features of the Electrical Exhibition at Paris is the connection of the Opera Comique with the exhibition building by wires, and the employment of telephones, by which visitors to the exhibition may listen to the singing in the opera. The conducting wires are laid in sewers, from which they ascend, to debouch to right and left of the prompter's box. Each auditor requires two wires, one for each ear. Before the operative end of either wire there is a small upright board scarcely thicker than a shaving, with three vertical bars of carbon affixed. There are thus two apertures formed, across each of which are placed five horizontal pieces of carbon pointed at the extremities, and which turn freely in holes made in the three vertical pieces. Five of these Ader transmitters, as they are called, are placed at each side of the stage and communicate with the telephone which the listener places to his corresponding ear. The telephones used are peculiar to France. The handle is a thick metal ring. Within is the magnet, and fastened to the outer circumference is a disk, not a cup, about as large as a dollar, which is held to the ear.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The funded debt of New York City is \$98,999,306.

—The Freemasons of St. Paul propose to build a magnificent temple.

—An ex-slave in North Carolina owns a plantation of 1,200 acres, and has fifteen tenants.

—The municipality of Berlin has arranged for a special service in memory of President Garfield.

—In Germany the great majority of the Chambers of Commerce condemn Bismarck's new protective tariff.

—CONSULAR reports from Europe show that probably less than an average grain crop will be gathered.

—The Union General, a Paris speculative company, will soon, it is said, control a capital of \$100,000,000.

—The Good Templars of New York propose to ask candidates for the Legislature if they will favor radical prohibition measures.

—The Newfoundland question will shortly be settled, the French having abandoned their territorial claims on the west coast.

—LORD DUFFERIN, the British Ambassador, has made representations to the Porte urging the execution of the treaty for the suspension of the slave trade.

—The number of original patents issued at Washington during the first nine months of the present year was 13,084, an increase of 2,261 over last year.

—HARVESTING in Scotland and in the North of England is still going on. The wheat threshed in the south is discolored and light, and brings very poor prices.

—NUMEROUS incendiary fires are reported daily in villages in all parts of Southern Russia. They are attributed to the discontent of the peasantry owing to bad pay for labor.

—SECOND ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL ELMER reports a net reduction in the cost of the Star Route and Steamboat Mail Service during September amounting to \$63,478.

—AN unsuccessful attempt was made in the southern districts of London on a recent Sunday to imitate the American crusade against liquor-selling, by prayer-meetings held opposite public houses.

—As a first practical result of the new Russo-German understanding, it is stated that the conditions of an agreement have been already fixed for facilitating the mutual extradition of political offenders.

—The fortune-tellers and others of that class who grow rich on human credulity in Paris are to be driven out. The Prefect of Police has so decided, but the task will be very difficult, as they have influence.

—It is stated that the Pope will deliver a very important allocution on the subject of the relations of the Vatican with the Powers at a consistory which is to be held preparatory to canonizations on the 8th of December.

—MR. BENJAMIN SCOTT suggests in the *London Times* that a manuscript of Governor Bradford, who landed at Plymouth Rock in 1620, giving the compact of the Pilgrim Fathers, be given to the United States in proof of English good-will towards America.

—GRAT destitution and approaching wholesale starvation is reported from portions of Labrador and Anticosti, where the usual catch of fish failed during the past season. They will soon be shut out from succor by ice, and only prompt relief can save many lives.

—The Board of Education of Columbus, Ohio, has voted unanimously to sell the only colored school in the city. The purpose is to obliterate the color line in educating the young of the city. Many of the colored children go to the other schools at the present time.

—A SINGULAR religious frenzy has broken out in Nicaragua. The people affected believe themselves the recipients of divine communications. Whenever a person feels the inspiration of a "communication," he rushes to the church and rings the bell, when the whole population assemble to hear the message from on high.

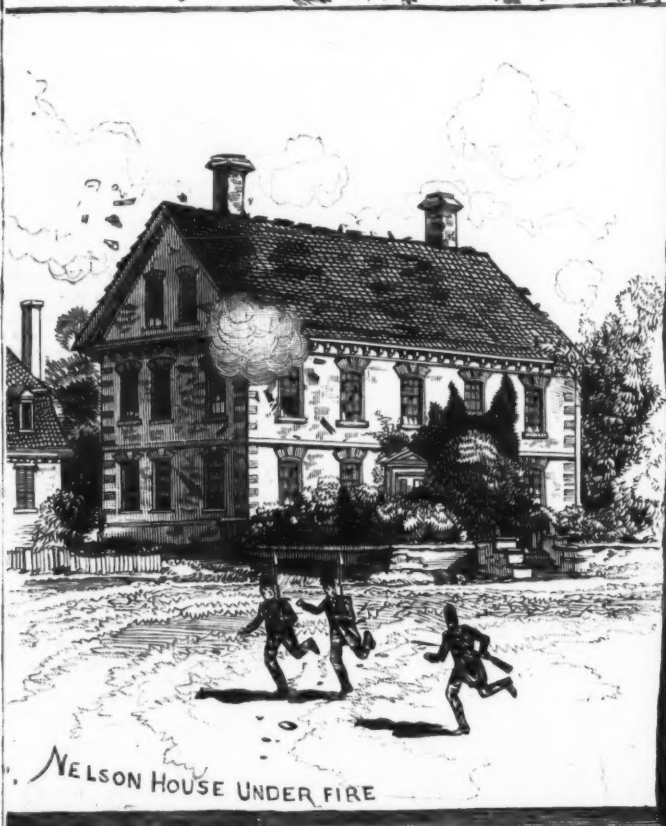
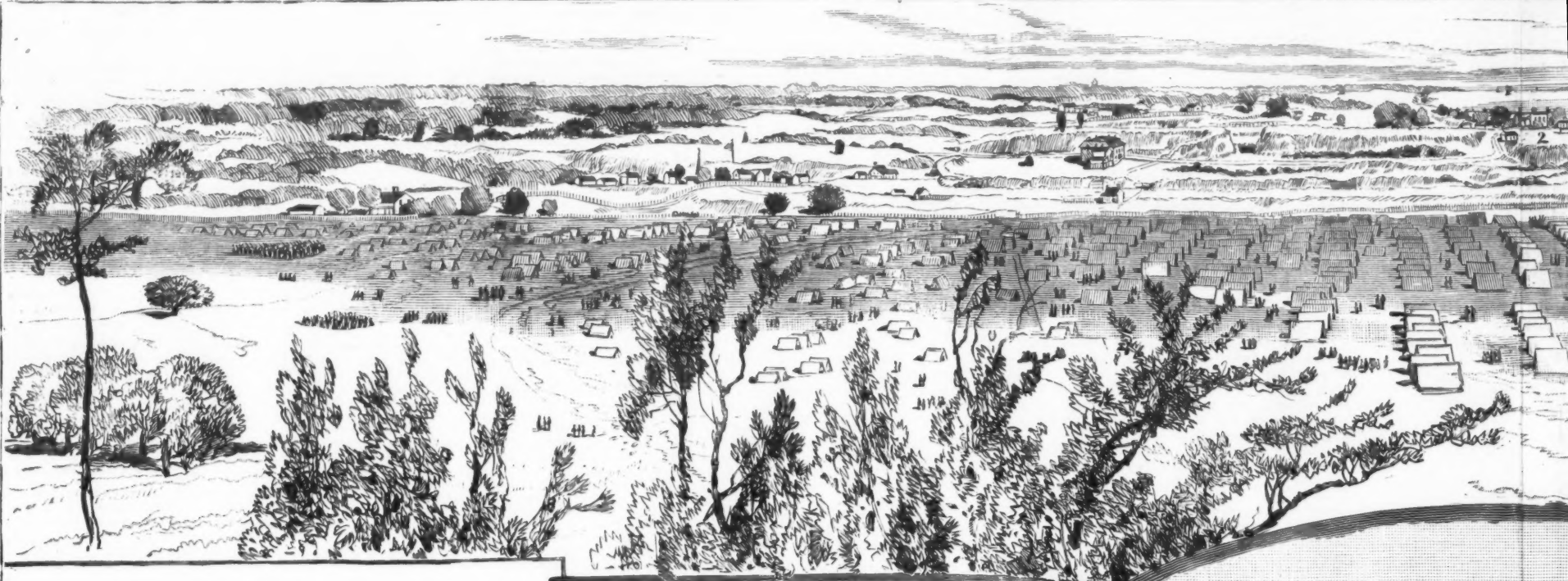
—NINE murderers are awaiting trial in Philadelphia. A tenth awaits execution. Eleven persons charged with homicide are out on bail. The accumulation of the homicidal business upon the desk of the District Attorney has become so great that he will be compelled to devote three weeks this month, and as many more in November, in an effort to catch up with the bloodthirsty tide. In addition to those mentioned above, about a dozen cases have been disposed of this year.

—The pastors of Washington called on President Arthur last week and presented him with an address. He replied as follows: "I am glad to meet you, gentlemen; yet it is with deep sorrow, under the circumstances which have so sadly devolved such momentous duties upon me. In the performance of these duties, as Chief Magistrate of a God-fearing and religious people, I appreciate my dependence upon their moral support and approval, under divine blessing and guidance. I thank you cordially for the assurances of your support and for your kind expressions of sympathy and confidence."

—MR. MORTON, the American Minister to France, in presenting to General Farre, Minister of War, the American officers who attended the Autumn military manoeuvres, expressed his gratitude for the welcome given them by the French Army. General Schofield congratulated General Farre upon the excellence of the manoeuvres and the good conduct of the troops. He said he had been much struck by their order and discipline. General Farre begged Mr. Morton and the American officers to be the interpreters to the American Government and people of the feeling of friendship entertained towards them by the French Army.

—The Association for the Advancement of Women will meet in ninth annual session in Buffalo, October 19th, 20th and 21st. One of the principal objects of the Association has been to encourage co-operation. The yearly meetings have brought together thoughtful women from widely severed sections of the country, that they might consider together the best method for securing the advancement of society. The association has now considerably over three hundred members, and is in a very flourishing condition. In the annual congresses which have been held the Association has discussed topics of education, science, literature and art, the household industries, health and dress, finance, charity and reform, and many others of an equally interesting nature.

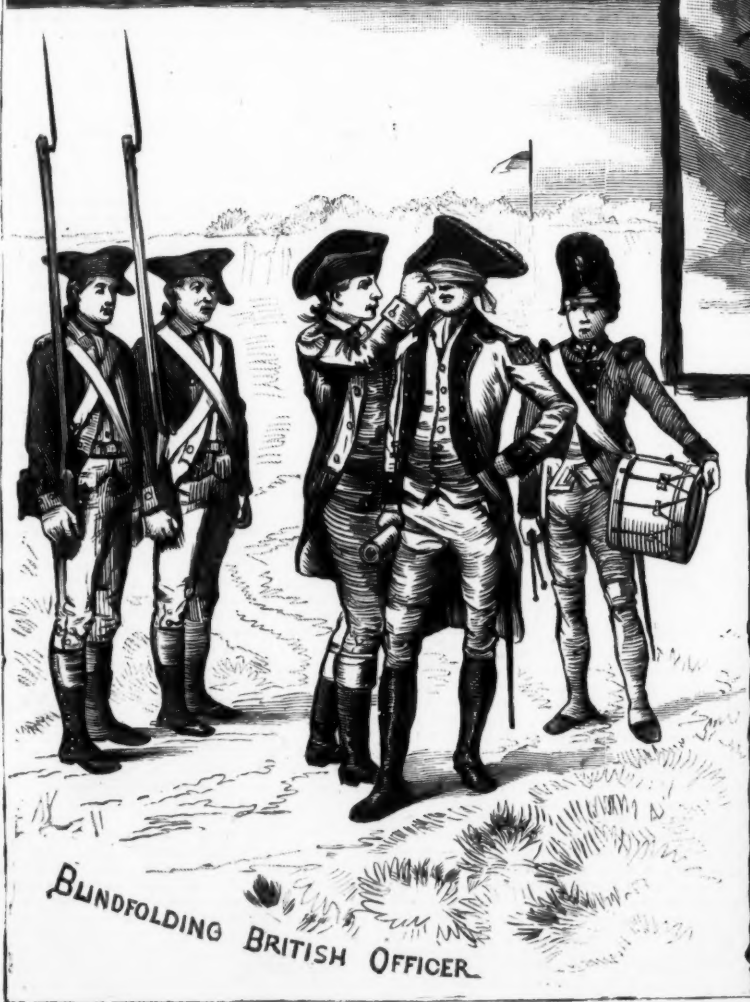
—The largest prison in Europe has just been completed at Berlin. It is destined for prisoners before their trial, and is attached to the courts of justice, in the Moabitte quarter of the capital. The portion set apart for men contains 732 separate cells, and wards for 195 more prisoners in common; while there are 26 isolated cells for men accused of grave crimes; that for women has only 70 separate cells, and 15 large dormitories, giving in all accommodation for 220 accused. The dormitories are divided into "boxes," each containing a bed, and the prisoners are locked in when they retire to rest. Each cell has an electrical signal, a *cabinet de toilette*, and is lighted with gas, so that the prisoner can read or write at his pleasure at night, light during the day being provided by a window of ample dimensions.



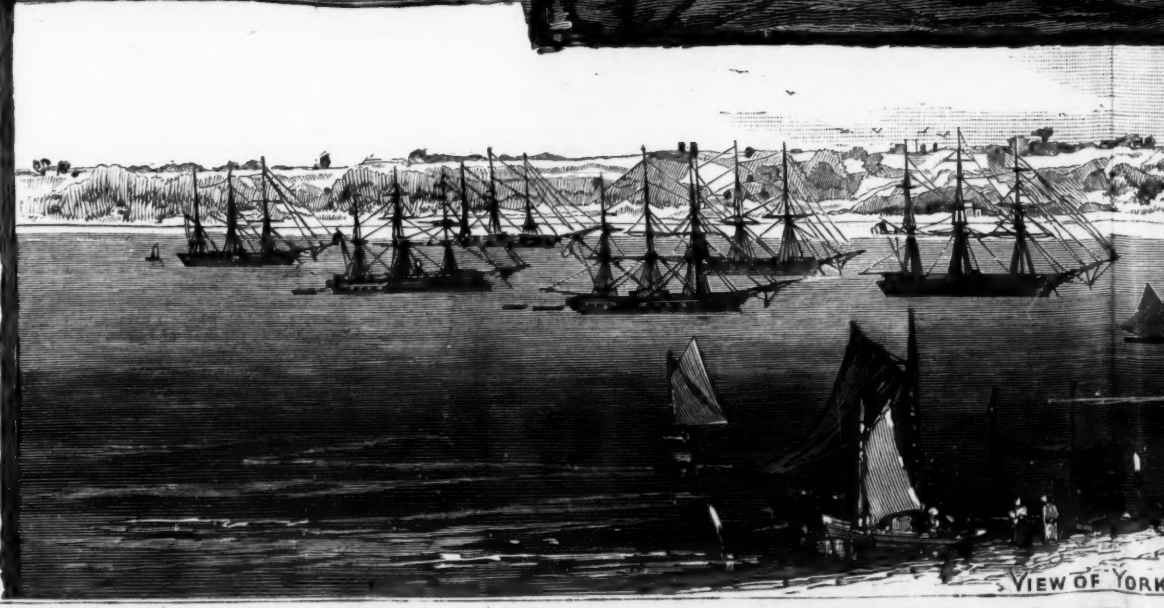
NELSON HOUSE UNDER FIRE



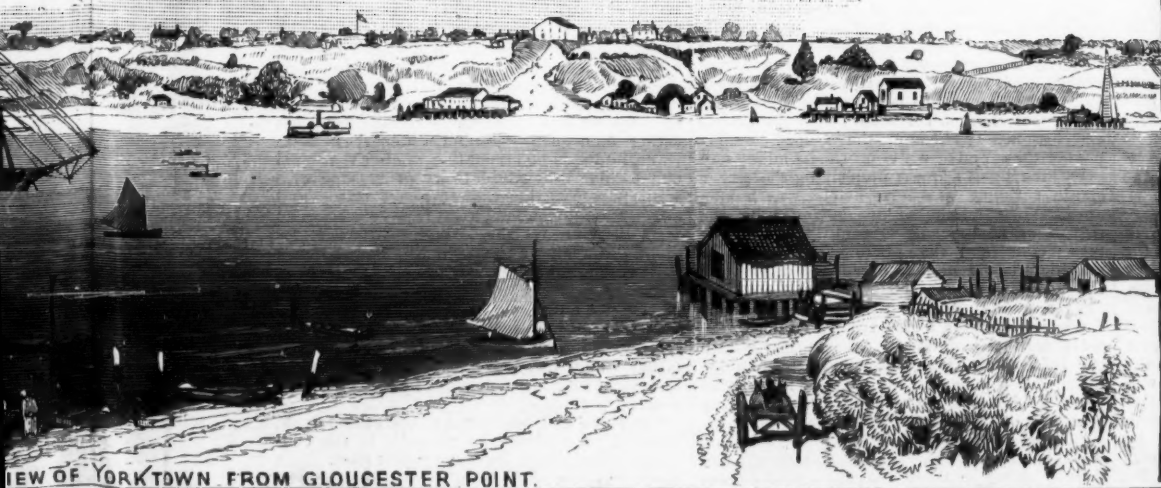
ROCHAMBEAU



BLINDFOLDING BRITISH OFFICER



VIEW OF YORK



EVEN UNTO DEATH.*

"It is so soft and beautiful," he said, "so rich and plentiful, each wave and braid is dear to me. I think if I were dead, I should sleep sweeter if there could be laid The pillow of your tresses 'neath my head—"

"These tresses that I love." At last there fell The blow long threatened. 'Twas not hers to keep

Watch by her fallen love. She might not tell Her sorrow where the less-beloved weep, Although the nation knows her sorrow well.

Remembering only what they called her shame, Forgetting all the love she gave and won— The love that such despite to her fair fame For long, enduring, faithful years had done— They banished her in Virtue's holy name.

But she remembered how, when young and fair, Behind the convent-gates she owned love's thrall, And cried: "Oh, God! forbid that I should dare To love him more than I love Thee!" and all The bliss and bane of that unanswered prayer.

Then with a solemn joy she loosed the band That bound the wondrous glory of her hair; Each wave and braid and little rippling strand— She loved it well, for he had called it fair— She severed with a quick, unfaltering hand.

And then she sent it, saying, "This I do Because he wished it," unto those who kept Their place beside the dead; and they, although They had no pity for the tears she wept, Were great enough to say it shall be so.

And thus 'tis said the satin pillow where They laid the great Czar's head for its last rest Held the bright glory of her perfect hair— Love's fond fulfilling of Love's fond behest. I wonder does he know and does he care?

CARLOTTA PERRY.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE jury had a great fight over the verdict. They were locked up all day and could not agree. Five of them were determined to bring in a verdict of "Willful murder" against Mr. Tempest Mervyn, four were as determined to bring in one of suicide; two jurymen, unaccustomed to weigh evidence, and confused by conflicting propositions, were all abroad, and could arrive at no conclusion whatever. The twelfth advanced a theory which was utterly scouted and ridiculed by his colleagues, that the mysterious deed was an act of revenge, committed by some person who had gained admittance to the deceased General after his son had left him at Woodford Station, taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him.

But the dinner-hour approached—that potent influence on Englishmen, and, for the matter of that, on men of all nationalities. Hunger modified the divergence of the twelve as it tames the fiercest brutes. At last a glimmer of accord appeared. The two neutrals gathered themselves together and saw their way to something; the wild theorist, his imagination subdued by starvation and ridicule, yielded entirely to a verdict which would, like a latitudinarian creed, embrace all shades of opinion.

The jury returned, and, amidst breathless excitement, their foreman, who had been the most rabid advocate of willful murder amongst them, meek as a lamb, announced the verdict: "That deceased came by his death by being stabbed to the heart; but by whom the fatal wound was inflicted there is no evidence to show."

The applause which followed this decision reached to the room where Tempest Mervyn waited, with his throbbing, confused head between his hands. Colonel Martin announced it to him, grasping his hand warmly as he did so. The young man scarcely returned the pressure; his only words were, drawing a deep breath as he uttered them:

"Then they have not branded him with self-murder? I am grateful to them for that."

At the door of the hotel, as he passed out, his father's late servant was waiting. Tempest stopped a moment and spoke to him. The man saluted him eagerly.

"You were hurt, Vaughan?" he said, kindly.

"Yes, sir," answered the man. "I got a knock or two; but I am all right now, or soon shall be. If you should be wanting a servant, sir, I should be glad to serve you, having been in the family."

"You can come up to me—at Sir James Armstrong's—in the morning," Tempest answered. "And there is something to settle with you, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, a trifle; but it's not that, Mr. Mervyn."

"I dare say we can manage the other," the young gentleman answered, as he passed on, reflecting that the man had shown fidelity and respect for his father's name in the presence of strangers.

His own man was leaving him, and he had always liked Vaughan. And just at that crisis in his life there was something in the man's desire to serve him that touched him especially something in his former connection with his father which made him glad to have him near him. And so it was settled, much to Vaughan's satisfaction.

At the Priory the dressing-bell had rung; but the ladies still lingered in the large hall where afternoon tea was generally dispensed, loath to be out of the way when the gentlemen returned with the news of the day's proceedings.

Sir James announced the verdict. Lady

Armstrong looked disappointed, as did more than one of the others.

"But it does not clear him entirely," the hostess said, when she and her husband were alone. "I hoped it would have been either suicide or our own supposition—murder, with a frustrated intention of robbery. This verdict leaves the poor young fellow still open to suspicion, it seems to me."

"It was the best we could get," Sir James answered; "but, as you say, it is not satisfactory. I wonder," he added, musingly, "whether the knife will ever turn up? That is the missing link. It is strange how it has disappeared. If it should be found, it would be a triumphant settlement of the matter. In the meantime, all Mervyn's friends are satisfied—Colonel Martin and the rest; and the nine days' wonder will soon die out."

"He is dreadfully knocked up," Lady Armstrong said. "I went to his room, but he was lying down, resting; and I would not disturb him. It is rather an awkward thing, too. I don't know what to say to him. One can't congratulate a man on not having been accused in direct terms of a murder; and yet that is what it amounts to."

"Don't say anything about it. Treat him as you treat everybody else; don't make a lion of him," advised her husband.

"Of course not."

"I should like to know what their quarrel was about," Sir James, who had his share of curiosity, too, said presently—"the thing he won't tell. He was firm enough about that. Some woman, I suspect."

"I like him for keeping her name out of it, whoever she may be," Lady Armstrong declared, warmly.

"So do I; but he'd scarcely do anything else," returned her husband. "I wonder," Sir James called, presently, through the open door of his dressing-room to his wife in the next apartment—"why the law does not recognize the irresponsibility of a man who kills another in a fit of what it calls temporary insanity, as well as that of a man who kills himself in the same state of mind? It seems to me the thing may work both ways."

"James!" Lady Armstrong's startled voice came from the doorway. She was staring at her husband, consternation depicted on every feature of his face. "James! Then—then you think he did it?"

"I?" returned her husband, calmly continuing his occupation of fastening the gold stud in his collar. "Nonsense, dame! Don't jump to such absurd conclusions—and don't, for heaven's sake, give tongue to them! I believe, what everybody in this house believes"—significantly—"that the poor old General died by the hand of some thief who, I devoutly hope, got his deserts immediately afterwards and cheated the hangman."

"It is a dreadful affair," Lady Armstrong said, shuddering.

"Yes, the circumstances are horrible. The old fellow was a tyrant, I believe, and his son has not so much to regret. He comes into a very handsome fortune by his father's death."

"Which will make it all the worse—for a time," said the lady.

"Yes," assented her husband—"for a time; but he'll get over it—men generally get over money. In the meantime we'll keep him here until we go to London, and take care of him—eh, dame?" He has got three months' sick-leave. He may pick up a good deal in that time."

"Charming! Delicious! It is perfect—no, it is more than perfect!" cried Madame de Rougemont, looking from Monsieur de Grandvilliers' picture of the sweet brave English maiden, Dorothy Vernon, to the living, breathing representation before her, compete in ruff and farthingale, in satin stomacher and pearl-bound coif. "What freshness!" Madame said to herself, with a half-jealous sigh at the complexion of wild-rose tint, deepened just a shade now by excitement—at the ripe, red lips, the exquisite Hebe-like glow of young innocent beauty, and the soft, misty light of the beautiful violet eyes, so tender and triumphant in the light of the secret Madame failed to read. She did wonder, as she scanned this beautiful Dorothy, what had happened to develop something—she could scarcely tell what—of new and enchanting charm which surrounded her *protégée* like a halo. "It is the touch of French grace and finish. Monsieur de Grandvilliers will be charmed at the success of his suggestion," thought Madame. To Estelle she only said: "You are delightfully fresh, my dear. A young girl should always be fresh—that is your line at present. Later on you can be distinguished, *spirituelle*, splendid, if you will"—Madame glanced complacently at the reflection of her own magnificent Pompadour figure in the nearest mirror—"but, whilst you are young, you must, before all things, be fresh. Do your best, then, to preserve that bloom, that *naïveté*, that—I don't know what it is," Madame said to herself, with a puzzled looking-over again of her *protégée*—"that radiance," she concluded, aloud, "which belongs to your youth."

Then Madame received her fur-lined *sortie de bal* from the hands of Florine, and led the way to the carriage.

Madame de Beaupre's *salons* were crowded with all the great world of Paris. Princes and dukes jostled each other on the wide staircases; foreign ambassadors, literary celebrities, distinguished names of all nationalities, played their part in the grand pageant. And amongst them all—the magnificent Cleopatras, ideal Marie Stuarts, Louis-Quatorze marquises, and stately ladies of every age and history—the lovely young English girl was conspicuous. Conspicuous also was the homage of the Duc de Grandvilliers, and the delicate and significant compliment conveyed by his splendid Earl of Leicester costume was not overlooked. A fine-looking man for his years, although well past middle age, rich, influential and a widower, his choice of a second

wife excited an immense amount of interest and discussion. Estelle herself, excited, amused by the splendid and novel scene—a fancy ball being as it happened quite a new experience to her—was happily unconscious of what was being freely discussed around her.

She was at her ease with Monsieur de Grandvilliers this evening. The suspicions she had had of a special interest in his intentions were lulled to rest. He conversed with her as he might have conversed with her aunt; he was agreeable, well informed, and she was gratified by the partiality he declared for her dear native country. She was off her guard; and, as she smiled at his sallies and the sensitive color came and went over the satin smoothness of her fair cheek, the lookers-on misjudged her, believing that she listened, well pleased, to the duke's suit. He flattered himself that he was making progress—and she had been hard to win, this coy English *démouille*. Monsieur de Grandvilliers was piqued and stimulated by difficulties which were a new experience to him.

She had adopted his suggestion for her dress, and Monsieur de Grandvilliers accepted this as a positive encouragement. She had thought the matter so insignificant; besides, such suggestions were common conversation in her aunt's *salon*, when a fancy ball was in prospect. She considered that she had left the decision of her character to Madame de Rougemont, too occupied with other thoughts and hopes to be very solicitous as to the result. Of course; now that the time had arrived, she was woman enough to be pleased with the result and young enough to enjoy the brilliant scene with its novel character and amusing incidents.

"If we can only get safely through this evening, I shall breathe freely," Madame de Rougemont said more than once to herself, seeing how near to fruition all her hopes concerning Monsieur de Grandvilliers evidently were. Monsieur le Duc once secured, the rest will follow. She will see how impossible this wretched affair is. I must tell her to-morrow before any one else has time to blurt it out. Then I will take her away until the first shock is over; it will be simple enough to announce that she is ill—that I am ill—anything—any one—that we need rest and quiet. We can hide ourselves somewhere for a time; the game is worth the candle. Then the whole thing will have blown over, and Estelle, set free from that unlucky affair, will be ready to listen to Monsieur le Duc's proposals. Such a brilliant prospect will surely captivate her then, and a heart at the rebound is easily caught. She will be ready for a new interest; and the heart having once been disappointed, ambition will have all the better chance; that at least cannot be a failure," Madame decided triumphantly as she rearranged her emeralds.

Her worldly heart beat anxiously as she saw Estelle dancing with one after another of their English acquaintance. The news was in all the English papers: the affair was making a great sensation in England. What so probable as that Estelle's partners should speak of it to her as one of the sensation-topics of the day? Several of them knew Mervyn personally, knew, too, that he was on Madame's visiting list, even if, as Madame devoutly prayed, they knew nothing more. A touch might shatter at once the fragile fabric of Madame's Alnaschar-like dream. The terrible story thus suddenly presented to Estelle, there would be a scene, an *esclandre*, which all Madame's tact and *savoir faire* might not be able to hush up. Monsieur de Grandvilliers might be lost in the exposure.

Madame trembled with anxiety as the hours, so heavily weighted with pleasure, passed on. At last the crowd began to thin a little; the evening was drawing to a close—without disaster, Madame thought triumphantly, as she prepared to make her *adieux* to the hostess.

Where was Estelle? At the refreshment-table probably. Madame waited patiently for some minutes, and then she dispatched one of her satellites in search of the missing Dorothy.

"Sir Charles has taken her for an ice or a cup of soup," Madame said. "I saw her with him for the last dance, and he is keeping her thoughtlessly away from me too long."

Sir Charles was an old married man, safe enough even for the more rigid code of French etiquette, but Madame felt impatient. What might not Sir Charles be telling Estelle?

But Sir Charles was innocent of telling her anything. He had merely left her in a little *entresol*, cool and green with flowers and ferns, and a dropping fountain hidden in their midst—a sort of Arcadian bower through which they were passing on their way back to the ballroom. Just as they reached this fragrant nook Estelle discovered that she had left her fan at the buffet, and Sir Charles hastened back to recover it, leaving Dorothy half-hidden behind the spreading leaves of a large tropical fern, enjoying the coolness and fragrance and the softly-shaded lights shining dimly through green shadows.

She was alone in the apartment; the crowd had lessened. Through the draped *portière* floated the sound of waltz music, its minor key strain reaching to where Estelle was hidden amongst the foliage of her bower, with the soft light shimmering greenly through the fern fronds, and the purring of the water making a liquid melody of accompaniment to the more distant sounds.

Two young *attachés*, the one dressed as a Turk, the other in a rich Hungarian costume, were leaning against the *portière* just within the ballroom. Their backs were towards Estelle, who was herself invisible. Their voices penetrated to her ears through the yearning harmony of the waltz.

"Horrid nuisance for Mervyn!" the Turk was saying, in a drawing somewhat affected tone. "Some of these horrid radical papers ever pretend to say he did it, you know. Most unpleasant sort of thing for a fellow!"

"Yes," said the other, shortly.

"He comes into a swinging fortune by his father's death," remarked the Turk. "The old General kept a very tight hand on the purse-strings whilst he lived. It will be a great change for Mervyn."

"Yes; I hear he is awfully cut up—and no wonder!" said the other. "He was over here just before; in fact, he was on his way back from Paris when it happened."

"It was deucedly awkward. I wonder if it will ever be cleared up?"

"It's an unpleasant sort of thing to hang over a man all his life," answered his companion, gravely.

"To a morbid sort of fellow I suppose it would be," responded the Turk. "But Mervyn will scarcely let it crush him. I should say. His brother-officers stood by him splendidly; and he's the sort of fellow his friends will stand by. Capital good fellow always. I suppose he'll get married now. He was awfully hard hit with Miss Verney. I thought he meant it."

"Miss Verney flies at higher game, I fancy," his friend replied.

"Yes, I am afraid poor Mervyn is nowhere," answered the Turk. "The strawberry-leaves generally win the day in these cases."

At that moment Sir Charles Howard returned, fan in hand.

"I am sorry," he said, "to have been so long, but one of the men had put the fan carefully away, and then put himself away. I had to hunt him up. Here is your property, Mistress Vernon, safe and sound. I am afraid you are tired." For, as Dorothy emerged from the green shadow, he saw that the rich bloom had faded from her cheeks, leaving her white as marble.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "I am tired. My aunt will be looking for me. I am afraid."

The two *attachés*, each with a bow moved aside as she passed, quite unconscious how near she had been to them and their conversation. Madame de Rougemont rose quickly from her seat at sight of her. Madame's heart sank like lead.

"Some idiot has told her!" she said. "I ought not to have permitted her out of my sight."

"I feel very guilty," said Sir Charles. "I took Miss Dorothy away blooming, and I have brought her back without her roses. *Mea culpa, mea culpa!*" And Sir Charles, who represented Friar Tuck, bent his head in humble penitence before Dorothy's chaperone.

"It is late," remarked Madame, hurriedly, whilst Estelle tried to falter out a few inarticulate words, "and we are both tired—tired to death," she added, a little impatiently. "Sir Charles, will you be so good as to ask for my carriage?"

Monsieur de Grandvilliers came up, bowing profoundly and offering his arm to Madame. Estelle followed, white and shivering, passing through the splendid *salons* as in a dream, returning mechanically the parting salutations of her acquaintance, and allowing the due to wrap her with a solicitude which did not escape the watchful eyes of the bystanders.

"Adieu, mademoiselle; au revoir!" said he, pressing the little hand in English fashion as he said it. And Estelle, unconscious of any significance in the tone and words, too confused and wretched to know what was happening, repeated after him:

"Adieu, monsieur; au revoir!"

Then she gathered herself up in a corner of the carriage and, hiding her face in her hands, tried to think of what she had heard; whilst Madame, dreading an explanation at that time and in that place, after a demonstrative yawn or two and a petulant "How tired I am!" settled herself to sleep through the long drive home.

What had happened to Mervyn? was Estelle's agonized thought. What was this misfortune which had come upon him, and of which all the world knew save herself? What were those hints of something worse than misfortune—vague, unexplained hints, of which all save herself seemed to comprehend the meaning?

The silence which she had justified by every argument love could suggest had, then, a terrible meaning! She pressed her hands tightly on her throbbing temples and tried to calm her beating heart, as wild possibilities, each one far from the truth, presented themselves to her terrified imagination. Another thought, one of infinite pain, stole in to add to her misery and bewilderment. Her lover had become rich; the obstacle to their happiness—his poverty—had been removed, and he had not told her.

What element of suffering, perhaps of self-reproach, was there in this sudden death to make him shrink from announcing it to her? She, who had known only the tenderest love from her own parents, could understand that the shock of his father's loss would be a great one to him, that he might turn away in his first grief from any happiness it brought him. But she could not understand that they two, who loved one another, should be apart in the great sorrows or events of their lives. Had his father, on his death bed, forbidden their marriage, and was he struggling to obey the cruel command? She could think of nothing else with power to keep them apart now; and against such a posthumous tyranny she rebelled with all her heart, asking indignantly one moment despairingly the next why a dead man's malice should have power to ruin the lives of those left behind him.

"He is a queer, obstinate old fellow," Tempest had said to her; and there had been something in his manner when he spoke of his father which had given her quick perception an insight into the difficulties her lover had to contend with.

But there had been a hint of something dark, mysterious perhaps a fearful, in the conversation she had overheard just now. Her heart stood still with a nameless fear and terror as she recalled the grave, even solemn tone of one of the young men.

* An incident connected with the late Czar and hismorganatic wife.

"I wonder if it will ever be cleared up?" "Some of those horrid Radical papers pretend to say he did it!" "It's an unpleasant sort of thing to hang over a man all his life." These sentences rang in her ears. What did they mean? What was there in the look which Madame de Rougemont cast upon her, questioning, frightened as Estelle's awakened fears read it, which seemed to be in harmony with these?

Something had happened to Mervyn, something which her aunt was afraid to tell her. A terrible vague fear clutched at her heart and stifled her breath, or she would have cried aloud to Madame de Rougemont to tell her at once what this horrible thing which she was hiding from her was. But no words could reach her parched lips; they died struggling in her throat.

"Though guilt and shame were on thy name," What made these words come to her just then? They hovered round her like wicked imps, they whispered in her ears, they tormented her with malicious repetition.

(To be continued.)

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

FOR several years the Emperors of Germany and Austria and the Czar of Russia were in the habit of meeting each other for a few hours almost every Autumn. Courtiers invariably announced that these occasions were but the fulfillment of an affectionate desire of the three cousins to have a friendly chat, and declared that the results could be naught but pacific for the countries interested. Politicians, however, looking upon the group of sovereigns, each accompanied by his chief adviser, pretended to derive grave apprehensions concerning the peace of Europe from these meetings, and made the most of their inferences.

A few weeks ago an interview was arranged between the venerable William of Germany and the terror-stricken Alexander of Russia, and after the publication of purposely misleading programmes, they saluted each other with the royal kiss in the saloon of the German Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, lying at a safe distance off Danzig. Much, it is said, against his will, the Emperor prevailed on the Czar to accompany him to the city for a few minutes, but they were spent with evident anxiety, although the place was strongly guarded by troops and trusty police.

No harm having come of this visit, negotiations were opened, for political purposes, to secure a meeting between the Czar and the Emperor of Austria, and, doubtless, by the time this paper is in the hands of the reader, the stealthily arranged and securely protected event will have been accomplished. At the time of writing, extraordinary measures were being taken at Warsaw, in anticipation of the Imperial interview, to insure the safety of the Czar. For the last fortnight officials had been employed in finding out the names of all the inhabitants who had resided in the town for less than six months. All newcomers were closely watched, and in several of the smaller hotels travelers have had their luggage searched by the police. The streets are patrolled day and night by mounted police. Thirty thousand men of all arms are camping outside the town. The Governor, General Albedinsky, has left his quarters at the fortress to live in the Palace of Lutzenki, where the Imperial residence is being repaired for the reception of the Czar. All the squares of the town are being hurriedly cleaned, and the public monuments, which were in a bad condition, are being repaired.

The Emperor Francis Joseph had, up to the time of writing, refused to go to Warsaw, giving as a reason that it was unnecessary to make a great political demonstration where a friendly visit was alone intended, and it is said that his objection to Warsaw is based also on the unnecessary risk which the Czar would run on account of the Emperor of Austria. The Czar, however, has striven hard to persuade his Imperial cousin to stay two or three days with him in the beautiful palace of the Polish kings, a miniature combination of Versailles and the Trianon.

As at present arranged, it is believed the interview will take place on the 9th of October, at Granica (pronounced Granitz), a frontier village on the Russian or Polish territory. It is situated on a hilly ground of sandy soil, where nothing but pine-trees are to be seen. A rippling brook divides Austria from Poland. The meeting of the two Emperors is to take place in the railway station, a good-sized dwelling, where passports and luggage are examined. The Czar hopes that Francis Joseph will be persuaded to go to Warsaw when he has got as far as Granica. But in the event of the Emperor of Austria persisting in his refusal, the Czar has given orders to get ready his splendid hunting castle at Shernievice, a small town of between five and six thousand inhabitants, at two hours' distance from Warsaw and about six hours from Granica.

THE INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXHIBITION.

THE great International Cotton Exhibition in Oglethorpe Park, Atlanta, Ga., was opened according to promise on Wednesday, October 5th, with services rendered more than usually impressive by reason of the murder of President Garfield, who had agreed to be present and make an address.

On the speakers' stand were Director-general Kimball, Governor Colquitt, Bishop Elliott of Texas, ex-Governor Vance of North Carolina, Daniel Voorhees, of Indiana, and N. J. Hammond, of Atlanta. The vast assemblage was called to order by Governor Colquitt, and prayer was delivered by Right Rev. B. W. B. Elliott, Bishop of Texas. Director-general Kimball, in a brief speech, then presented the buildings and grounds to the Exposition Association. Governor Colquitt, in accepting the tender of the buildings and grounds, said that he doubted whether the energy bestowed on the work had ever been exceeded. After music by the Fifth Artillery Band, ex-Governor Zebulon B. Vance of North Carolina delivered an address of welcome. The incident of the day was Senator Voorhees's speech. At its close the Exposition Ode, written by Paul H. Hayne, of Georgia, was read by N. J. Hammond. The Hallelujah Chorus, directed by Mr. C. M. Cady, of Georgia, followed, and then Governor Colquitt declared the Exposition opened, and invited its inspection by the world. A. T. Goshorn, Manager of the International Exposition, Governor Vance, Mr. Voorhees and Director-general Kimball assisted Governor Colquitt in starting the machinery. Governor Colquitt gave a reception at the Governor's mansion to the invited visitors to the Exposition in the evening.

The main building is in many respects a novel structure. It was devised by Mr. William H. H. Whiting, of Boston, with direct reference to its adaptability as a model cotton factory when the exhibition closes. It has already been adopted in many of its features by several large cotton manufacturing establishments, although never in the precise form of a Greek cross, on which

plan this building is constructed. This form lends itself to the purpose of cotton manufacture in the best manner; the carding department being placed in one wing with a picker department alongside in a detached building, the warp-spinning in another, the weft-spinning opposite, and the weaving department in the fourth wing of the cross opposite the carding, with a cloth-room in a detached building at the side and near by. In a mill constructed upon this plan the stock will be carried from each machine to the next with the least amount of handling, and, therefore, with the greatest economy. The general plan of construction consists of a frame-work for both floor and roof of heavy timbers on centres, sustained by rows of posts twenty-four feet apart from side to side; the floor plank and roof plank being two and a half or three inches thick, and the top floor one inch thick.

The building is 750 feet long by 100 feet wide, with a transept consisting of north and south wings, each 400 feet by 96 feet. In the centre is the celebrated Corliss engine that was used at the Centennial. This turns the machinery in the main part of the building. In the north wing of the transept is the Harris engine, and the Porter-Allen is in the south wing. There are no partitions dividing these wings from the main hall. Every foot of space in this hall is engaged, and, as more applicants came after all was granted, another building has been added to it.

Between the main building and the south annex rises an immense brick smokestack, and on each side of it, near the top, is a design in excellent colors of a crown resting on a cotton-stalk, covered with full bolls of snowy cotton. After leaving the main building, or Machinery Hall, the largest building on the grounds, the next house in a circular tour, is the restaurant. East of this is the railroad building, 200 by 50 feet, with an annex of 80 by 50 feet.

A very important auxiliary building is that modeled after the one at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, in which the products of agriculture and minerals of Kansas and Colorado were displayed. In this building are gathered samples of the iron, coal, gold, zinc, tin, lead and copper ore and corundum, all of which are found in great abundance in the Appalachian chain, which constitutes so large a part of the middle section of the Southern States. To these are added salt and sulphur, the materials used in the manufacture of alkali. This collection constitutes an exhibition of minerals that cannot be exceeded in quantity, purity or variety on any other section of equal area of the habitable globe known to geologists.

To the extreme south of the grounds is the "truck patch." The severe drought of the Summer has injured it greatly, but it is still an interesting feature of the exposition. This patch shows successive crops of cotton of the upland sea island, Japanese and Egyptian varieties. Also crops of other essentially Southern products of ribbon cane, sorghum cane, ramie, rice, jute, lucerne, Chinese and African millet, and the Georgia goober or peanut. The cotton is just beginning to open, and cotton-picking will be daily work during the entire exhibition.

The next special day of importance will be the 27th of October known as Governors' Day, from the fact that the Governors who attend the Yorktown Centennial, accompanied by their escorts, will come in special trains to the Exposition. The Connecticut regiment will come with the Governors.

The special weekly exhibitions will occur as follows:

Fruits and flowers, commencing October 25th, 1881. Cattle and mules, commencing November 1st, 1881. Sheep and swine, commencing November 8th, 1881. Bench show of dogs, commencing November 15th, 1881. Poultry, etc., commencing November 22d, 1881. Dairy products, commencing November 29th, 1881.

BALTIMORE'S NEW WATER SUPPLY.

THE oriole celebration in Baltimore on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October, was distinguished mainly by the formal opening of the new water works, just completed at a cost of \$4,655,077, on the first day. In 1850 the water works, built by a private corporation, were purchased by the city, and an effort was made to increase the supply of water. After many delays the work of utilizing Jones Falls, six miles distant from the city, was begun in 1853; but in a few years the quantity of water so obtained proved inadequate, and a conflict sprang up among interested parties concerning the projects suggested for placing the city beyond the possibility of a water famine. Wise counsels, however, prevailed in the long run, and the result is the admirable system ceremoniously opened for use on Monday last. From Loch Raven on the Gunpowder River, where the new system really begins, down to the high service engine-house on Druid Lake, the entire work possesses very interesting features of engineering skill. From Loch Raven to Lake Montebello the water passes through a tunnel seven miles in length and ten feet in diameter, which alone cost nearly \$2,000,000, five miles of the distance having to be cut through solid gneiss. Of the two great reservoirs one has a storage capacity of 600,000,000 gallons, and the other of 265,000,000.

On the first day of the celebration there was a grand procession of local and visiting military, the fire department with full apparatus and the police. Immediately after the procession passed through Monument Square and was dismissed. The interesting exercises attending the introduction of the water from the Gunpowder River supply into the city began. Mayor Latrobe turned on the water into the grand fountain of millions of sprays constructed about the Battle Monument. In the evening the beautiful fountain was illuminated in prismatic colors by calcium lights arranged about the square.

On the second day there was an afternoon concert by Gilmore's Band, and on the third a street pageant, an elaborate display of fireworks and a ball and banquet, in honor of the French guests.

THE NATION'S FRENCH GUESTS.

THE representatives of the Republic of France, who had been specially invited to take part in the celebration of the Centennial of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown, Va., as guests of the nation, reached New York on Wednesday morning, after a rather stormy voyage.

It was intended to transfer the party from the steamship *Canada* to the United States man-of-war *Tennessee*, but the captain of the *Canada* did not think it safe because of the heavy sea running at the time. So the Committee of Reception went on board the *Canada*. The guests, representing both the French Government and the officers who participated in the battle of Yorktown, were formally welcomed to the United States by Assistant Secretary Hill, after which each delegate was introduced to several members of the committee by General Boulanger. A pleasant hour was passed in informal speech-making, getting acquainted, and in discussing the several objects of interest in the harbor. The speeches were all in French. The *Canada* was escorted up the bay. Preceding it were the United States ships *Kearny* and *Vandalia*. It was flanked on one side by the *Tennessee*, and on the other by the *Pacific*, while the two French men-of-war, the frigate *Magicienne* and the ram *Dumont d'Orville*, followed close behind. Every tug, steamboat and sailing craft that had a French or American flag hoisted it as soon as the fleet made its appearance.

The following is a complete list of the French visitors:

M. le Commandant Lichtenstein, representing the President of the French Republic.

Representing the Army—M. le Général Boulanger, M. le Colonel Bossau, M. le Lieutenant-Colonel Blondel, M. le Commandant Bureau de Pusy, M. le Capitaine Mason, M. le Lieutenant Pourcet de Sabane.

Representing the Navy—M. le Capitaine de Vaisseau Cuvelier de Navarre, M. le Capitaine de Frigate Descombes, M. le Lieutenant de Vaisseau Schilling, M. le Lieutenant d'Infanterie de Marine Comte de Grasse.

Representing the Foreign Office—M. de Corcelle, Secrétaire d'Ambassade; M. H. Boulard Pouqueville, Secrétaire d'Ambassade.

Representing the Department of Public Instruction—M. F. Regamey.

Invited Guests—M. le Marquis de Rochambeau, Mme. la Marquise de Rochambeau, Mme. Loyseau, Mme. Mason et enfant, M. le Comte de Beaumont, M. Gaston de Sabane, M. le Marquis Laur de Lestrade, M. le Vicomte de Noailles, M. le Vicomte d'Haussonville, M. le Comte d'Olonne, M. d'Olonne, M. le Vicomte Henri d'Abouville, M. le Vicomte Christian d'Abouville.

The Marquis de Rochambeau, the Vicomte d'Haussonville, General Boulanger, Lieutenant-Colonel Blondel, Captain Mason, Captain Descombes, Lieutenant St. Iling and M. de Corcelle have all been in America before.

The visitors were transferred from the steamship to the revenue cutter *Chand er* and landed at Pier 1, North River, where Mrs. Horace Russell and Mrs. John Austin Stevens, of the Ladies' Reception Committee, stood to welcome the ladies among the visitors. Eighteen open carriages received the party, and the Seventh Regiment formed an escort.

The Seventh Regiment Band struck up the air of the "Marseillaise" as the order "Carry arms" was given by Colonel Clark. Nine companies of the regiment led the way, then came the guests seated in open carriages, and lastly, another company of the regiment. The carriages began to move in a double line at a little before noon, and reached Madison Square at one o'clock. Along the line of march many buildings displayed the French colors flying at full-mast. The American flag was also floating from the top of nearly every store, hotel and private house.

Arriving at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the visitors were taken to one of the large parlors on the second floor, overlooking Madison Square. The parlors were beautifully draped with flags. The arched doorway had on one side a large American flag hanging from the top and neatly fastened along the side; while on the other side of the entrance was an equally large French flag similarly arranged. The parlor reserved for the ladies of the party was even more tastefully decorated. In addition to several smaller flags of both nations, there was an abundance of roses, smilax, palms and ferns, artistically arranged. There were also several large baskets of flowers sent by prominent persons.

On Thursday morning the party took carriages to the foot of West Twenty-third Street, where a revenue cutter transferred them to the flag-ship *Tennessee* to return the official call of Admiral Wyman. From the cutter they went to the French flag-ship *Magicienne*, where they took breakfast with Admiral Haléon. As the transfers were made the party received suitable salutes from the war vessels of both countries. Early in the afternoon they returned to the city for the State's reception.

At three o'clock Governor Cornell and his staff gave the visitors, who were in full uniform, a formal reception. The formalities were simple. The Governor welcomed them in the name of the State of New York. The preparation for the review of the First Division of the National Guard by the Governor and the guests were complete, and the movements were carried out satisfactorily. French flags were waving from the staffs of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hotel Brunswick, the Victoria, Delmonico's, and many buildings in Fifth Avenue above Twenty-sixth Street. A reviewing stand, seating 500 persons, had been erected near the Worth monument, which was festooned with scarlet velvet, embroidered with gold, while the front and the sides were concealed with large national flags, the colors of France and the United States flying from all points. Company K, of the Twenty-second Regiment, had been detailed to guard the entrance to the stand. Superintendent Walling and Inspector Thorne had personal charge of 250 policemen to keep back the crowds which lined the avenue from Central Park to Twentieth Street, and filled all available standing room within sight of the reviewing stand.

The First Division, Major-General Shaler commanding, consisting of the brigades which were commanded by General Ward and General Varian, formed in line in Fifth Avenue, the right resting in Fifth Street. When the line was formed the French delegates, Assistant Secretary of State Hiti, Governor Cornell and the Reception Committee were driven in open carriages from the hotel to the Park, and reviewed the troops, who extended from Thirty-eighth Street to Fifty-eighth Street. The reviewing party then returned, and the members took their place at the south end of the stand. Governor Cornell was supported by the following members of his staff: Major-General Frederick Townsend, Adjutant-General; Brigadier-General Robert S. Oliver, Inspector-General; Brigadier-General Lloyd Aspinwall, Engineer-in-Chief, and Brigadier-General Horace Russell, Judge Advocate General. Major-General Hancock and staff and Admiral Wyman and staff were also present. When General Hancock alighted from his carriage he was received with long and loud cheering.

At 4:20 the parade began to cross the line of review. There were over 5,000 men in line. Each regiment was preceded by its band, and several of the bands played the "Marseillaise" in honor of the visitors. The Sixty-ninth Regiment Band elicited much applause by suddenly breaking into the French air, inserting several bars of "Yankee Doodle," and as suddenly returning to the original air. All the flags were furled and draped in honor of the late Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The parade was three-quarters of an hour in passing the stand, after which the guests and committee returned to the reception parlor in the hotel.

By invitation of President Gorman, of the Fire Department, Engine House No. 14 was visited late on Thursday night, and the gong was struck to show the training of the men and horses. The party then went to the Lafayette statue in Union Square, when President Gorman rang the alarm, which was answered by two trucks and three engines.

On Friday morning the United States men-of-war *Kearny* and *Vandalia* took the visitors, the Reception Committee and two hundred invited guests to West Point, where they were appropriately received by General Howard and staff. After dinner there were a special parade and drill of the cadets, and in the evening a hop was given at Cozzens's. From West Point the party went to Niagara Falls, and thence to Baltimore, to take part in the oriole celebration.

Solitary Punishment.

SOLITARY confinement as a punishment for crime is again being tried in various parts of Europe, especially in Belgium and Italy. It is to be introduced into Hungary. The plan of confinement is described by a London paper: "Cells of sheet-iron are being constructed that are somewhat of the nature of cages; over the door and overhead there is a network of heavy wire. A number of cells are placed side by side in one large room of a prison. The inmates can see nothing of each other, and no conversation is permitted. Youthful prisoners are especially subjected to this mode of confinement at night and during other non-working hours, the object being to prevent the demoralizing influences resulting from imprisonment in common."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Princess Louise will sail from Liverpool for Canada on October 20th.

SIGNOR MARIO, the eminent tenor, is now in London on a visit to his daughters.

MEISSONIER, the painter, has undergone a severe but successful operation for stone.

MARVIN, the bigamist and forger, was sentenced in Richmond last week, upon pleas of guilty, to ten years' imprisonment.

LISZT has been ill, but has now recovered, and is going to Rome to celebrate his seventieth birthday on the 22d of this month.

HAM WHITE, a noted highwayman of Texas, recently arrested in New Mexico, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for ninety-nine years.

A LONDON correspondent says a project is mooted among the Americans in London to build a church in memory of the late President Garfield.

COLONEL WILLIAM PRSTON JOHNSON, of Virginia, has gone to Louisiana to enter upon his duties as President of the State University at Baton Rouge.

EX-SENATOR HANNIBAL HAMLIN, of Maine, has accepted the appointment of Minister to Spain, which President Garfield made the day before he was shot.

THE Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has decorated Henry Irving with the Knight Cross of the Ducal Saxe Ernestine House Order, in recognition of his services to the dramatic art.

THE King of Siam has done a graceful thing in presenting to the National Museum at Washington a number of articles illustrating the life, manners and customs of the Siamese.

THE Czar has warned the members of his suite to be prepared to accompany him at a moment's notice to the Austrian frontier, where he expects to meet the Emperor Francis Joseph.

THE Catholic Bishop Keane, of Virginia, will conduct at Yorktown, on the morning of the 16th, a service in memory of the French officers and soldiers who fought there beside the Americans.

HARRY GARFIELD, the late President's oldest son, will, after graduating at Williams, go to Cleveland to practice law. Harry and his brother James are devoted to their feeble old grandmother; James especially watches over her closely, and his mother says that this has always been his way.

ABDUL HASAN BAY, an Egyptian official, who lately visited General Merrill, of Andover, N. H., has presented to his host a slight acknowledgment of his hospitality in the shape of the mummy of a Pharaoh of the house of Rameses II. Mr. Merrill is building a tower near his house, one story of which is to contain the princess and other curiosities.

THE late Mrs. James McGraw Fiske, wife of Professor Fiske, of Cornell University, left \$300,000 to her husband, \$200,000 to the University as a library fund, \$40,000 for the establishment of a hospital for the students, \$50,000 for the care of the McGraw building, besides numerous private and public bequests, the residue of the estate to go to the University.

MR. JAMES E. TAYLOR, of the art staff of Frank Leslie's Publishing House, has received an order to paint for the United States Army Headquarters a picture in water colors of "The Cross of the Big Black" by the Fifteenth Corps on the night of May 17th, 1863." The size of the picture will be 32x24 inches, and it will be a companion to Mr. Taylor's picture, now in the War Department, of the Grand Army Review in Washington at the close of the Rebellion.

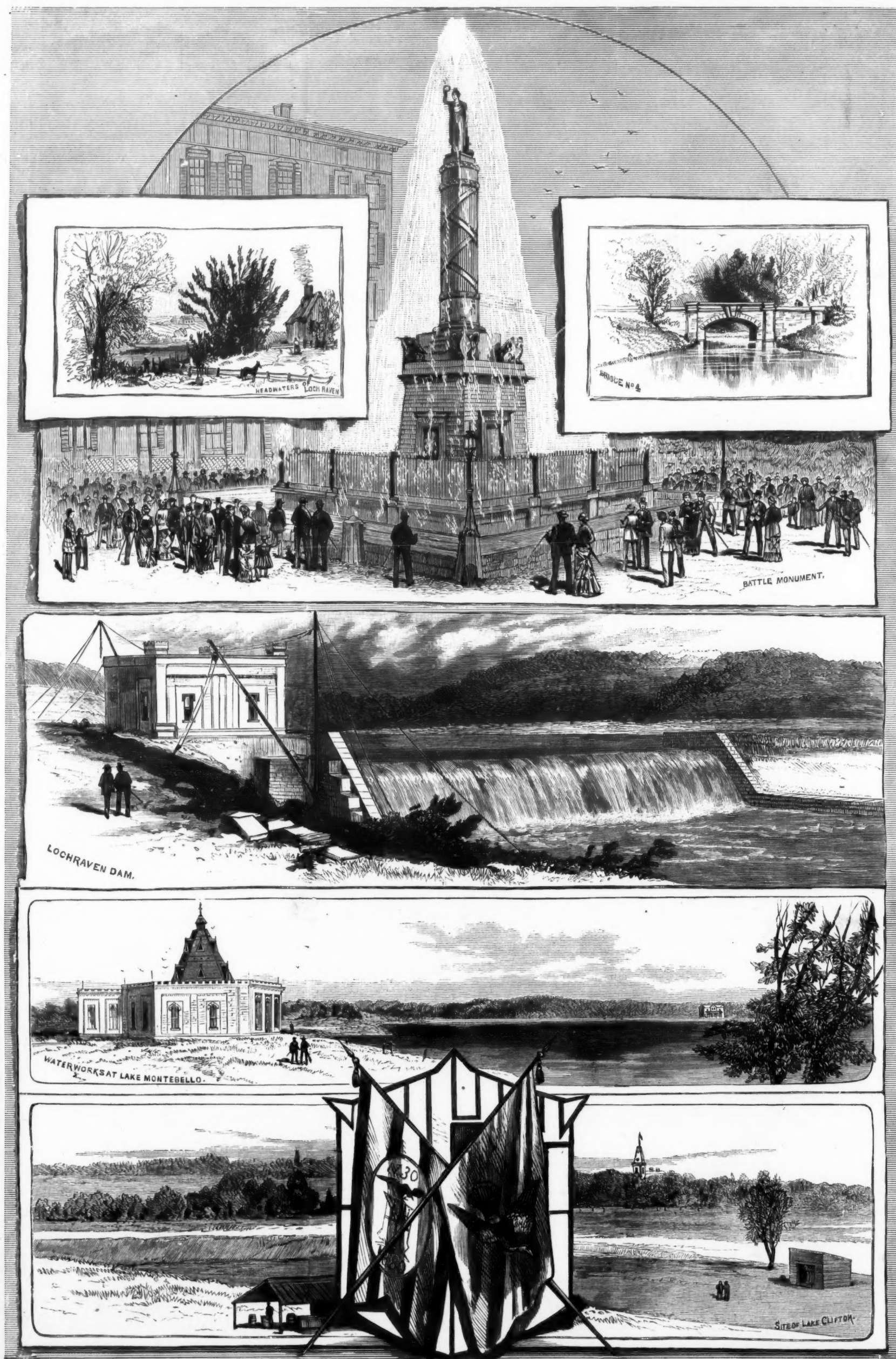
THE Corporation of London is going to give Mr. Gladstone a gold box containing an address asking him to sit for a marble bust to be placed in the Guildhall. The compliment is altogether apart from political or party considerations, the majority of the members of the corporation being Conservatives. Among the few public men to whom a somewhat similar honor has been accorded have been William Pitt, Earl Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Palmerston, Canning, Earl Russell, Cobden and Beaconsfield.

THE literary societies of the Indiana University at Bloomington recently selected Col. Robert Ingersoll as orator for commencement. The faculty will not permit him to come. The students say he shall. The faculty has power to prevent his coming. On the other hand, the students can rent a hall and invite him. This they threaten to do if Ingersoll is not permitted by the faculty to come. Both students and citizens are beginning to wax warm, and it promises to be a big quarrel. Quarrels have taken place heretofore, and both students and faculty have shown themselves to be of good metal.

OF the staff of surgeons who have been in charge of President Garfield, three were at the scene of Mr. Lincoln's death, General Barnes, Dr. Bliss, who was then in the army and had charge of an immense hospital, and Dr. Robert Reynolds, who was then in the army, and while not actually present in the room of the sufferer, was in waiting in an adjoining room as an assistant to Dr. Bliss. In addition to this, the strange coincidence goes further, as among the other medical men who, at times, were by President Garfield's bedside, and who were also with Mr. Lincoln, are Surgeon Basil Norris, United States Army, and Dr. N. S. Locals.

HON. NELSON W. ALDRICH, of Providence, who has just been elected to the United States Senate to succeed the late General Burnside, is a native of Foster, R. I., born in 1841, but from his infancy until 1855 he resided at Killingly, Conn. He then removed to Providence, and has since been engaged chiefly in mercantile pursuits, in which he has amassed a satisfactory competence. His political training began in the Providence City Council, from which he graduated to the Legislature, where he was Speaker of the House in 1876, and thence he was elected to Congress in 1878. He is a man of much ability. Senator Aldrich is also grand commander of the Knights Templar of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

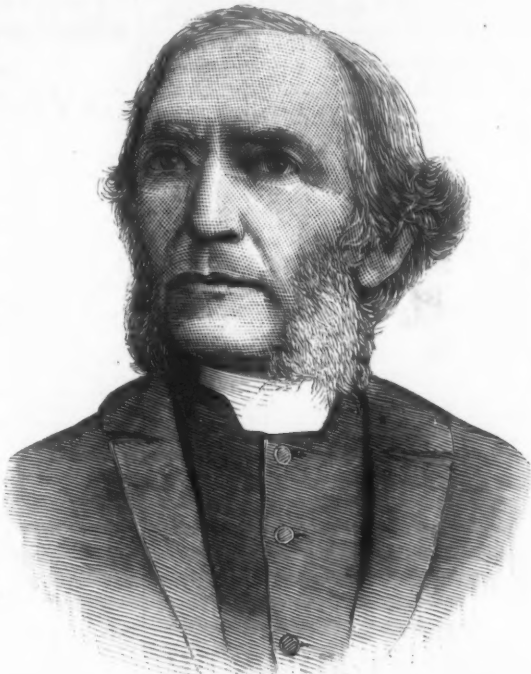
OBITUARY.—September 30th.—John P. Gross, Ph.D., Superintendent of the Public Schools of Plainfield, N. J., and a well-known educationalist. October 1st.—Timothy K. Earle, Prohibition nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, at Worcester, aged 53. October 3d.—Henry F. Durant, founder and pastor of Wellesley (Mass.) College, and formerly law partner of Rufus Choate, at Boston, aged 59. October 4th.—Fletcher U. Harper, a member of the firm of Harper Brothers, aged 33; Orson Pratt, one of the first members of the Mormon Church and its ablest preacher, at Salt Lake City, aged 70. October 5th.—The Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., a noted Presbyterian divine and author, aged 65; Hon. George G. Fogg, United States Senator from New Hampshire, at Concord, aged 66; Horace Fabryan, founder of the well-known Fabryan House, at the White Mountains at his home, Bradford, Vt., aged 73. October 6th.—Hon. John G. Floyd, grandson of William Floyd, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, formerly a State Senator and member of Congress, at Massie, La. I., aged 76.



MARYLAND.—THE NEW WATER SUPPLY OF BALTIMORE—FORMAL OPENING OF THE WORKS, OCTOBER 10TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 131.

THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

THE successor of the late Dean Stanley at Westminster is one of the three personal friends, the others being Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol, and Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, who are nominated in Dean Stanley's will to act as consulting referees with regard to the publication of his literary remains and correspondence. The Rev. George Granville Bradley, Master of University College, Oxford, and Canon of Worcester, who has been appointed to the Deanery of Westminster by the Queen, is a son of the late Rev. Charles Bradley, Vicar of Glasbury, Brecknockshire, and Incumbent of St. James's, Clapham. He was born in 1822, and was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold. He afterwards entered University College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree as a first-class in Literis Humanioribus; he proceeded M. A. in due course, and was for some time a Fellow of his College. He had conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. of the University of St. Andrews in 1873. He was ordained deacon in 1858 by Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, and priest in the same year by Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury. Previous to his ordination he had held for about twelve years an assistant mastership in Rugby School. Mr. Bradley was head master of Marlborough College from 1858 down to 1870, when he was appointed Master of University College, Oxford. He was appointed Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1874, was Select Preacher at Ox-



VERY REV. G. G. BRADLEY, NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.



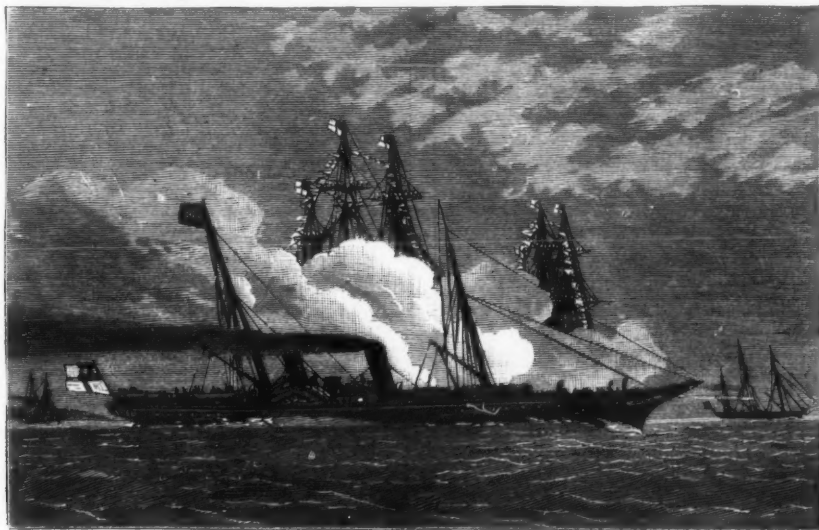
DR. M. F. KORUM, NEW R. C. BISHOP OF TREVES, GERMANY.

ford University in 1874, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen from 1874 to 1876, when he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty. About six months ago he was made a Canon of Worcester Cathedral. Mr. Bradley married, in 1849, Marian Jane, fifth daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Philpot, formerly Rector of Great Cressingham, Norfolk, by whom he has a family.

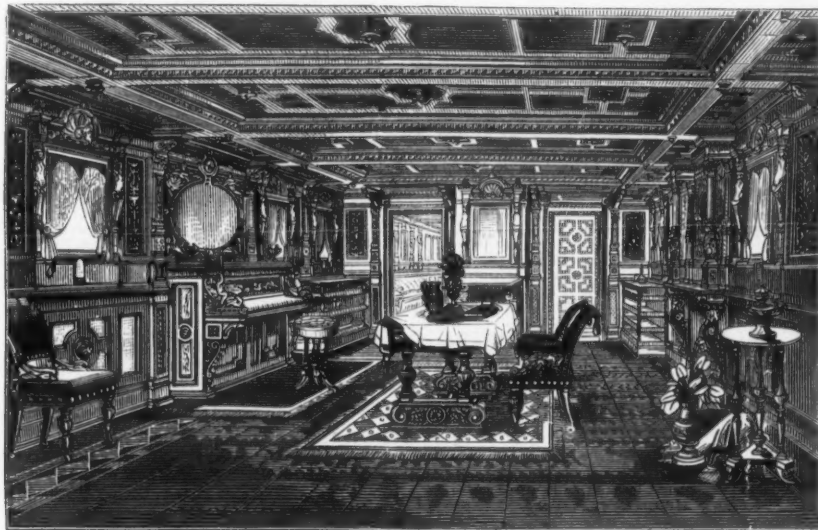
THE NEW R. C. BISHOP OF TREVES.

THERE is much more of diplomacy and political cunning in the recent appointment of Rev. Dr. Michael F. Korum to be Roman Catholic Bishop of Treves, Germany, than the public and the religious world imagine. The event is taken to be an evidence of the re-establishment of a cordial feeling between Bismarck and the Vatican. Whether the appointment is an experiment, or the real beginning of a better feeling, remains to be seen.

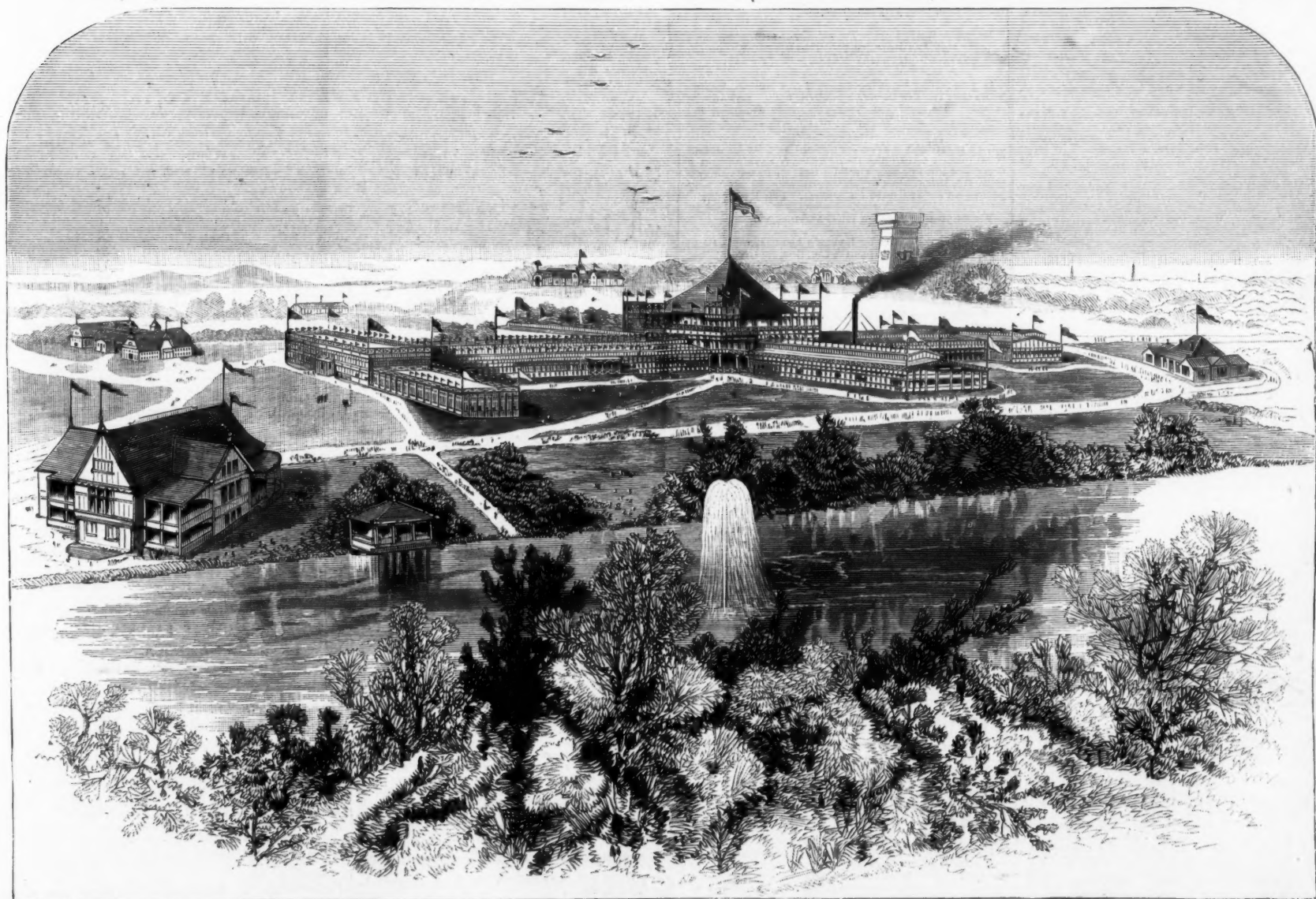
It appears that according to the direction of the late Pope Pius IX., the chapters of the cathedrals of Treves and Fulda waived, for the time being, that right of electing their own bishops the Prussian chapters enjoy, and proceeded instead to elect capitular vicars for the temporary administration of the affairs of the dioceses. At Fulda there was no possibility of electing either a bishop or a capitular vicar, for death had been so busy among the canons that the number still living was not sufficient to constitute a chapter; but at Treves the canons elected a capitular vicar in the person of



THE IMPERIAL GERMAN YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN" AT DANTZIC.—SEE PAGE 131.



SALOON OF THE YACHT WHERE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE CZAR MET.



GEORGIA.—THE INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXHIBITION AT ATLANTA, OPENED OCTOBER 5TH.—THE EXHIBITION BUILDINGS IN OGLETHORPE PARK. FROM SKETCHES BY J. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 131.

Dr. Lorenz. The election was communicated to Rome, and the Pope, concluding that the recommendation he had sent to the chapter to choose a cardinal whose election would be satisfactory to Prince Bismarck had been acted upon, confirmed it. Prince Bismarck sent to Rome a curt and decided refusal ever to recognize Dr. Lorenz's election, and a deadlock was created. Dr. Lorenz had been canonically elected and canonically confirmed. In such circumstances the Pope felt that it was impossible for him to annul the election and order a new one to be held. On the other hand, Dr. Lorenz was powerless to act without Prince Bismarck's recognition, and, in short, the diocese of Treves was practically left, not only without a head, but in a worse position than that of Fulda. There was only one way to solve the difficulty, namely, to appoint a bishop, and, although this placed Leo XIII. in the necessity of an exception to the rule he had laid down, he determined to follow it.

Bismarck had about that time accepted, if not, indeed, chosen, Dr. Korum as auxiliary Bishop of Straßburg, where the laws are not in force, the ecclesiastical affairs of Alsace and Lorraine being regulated according to the concordat with France, still tacitly maintained in those provinces. The arrangements for Dr. Korum's appointment were nearly complete, when General Manteuffel, Governor of Alsace, expressing a particular wish that Dr. Stumpf, an intimate private friend of his, should receive the appointment, Leo XIII., at the eleventh hour consented, at the direct request of Prince Bismarck, to pass over Dr. Korum and appoint Dr. Stumpf in his stead. This change placed, so to say, at the Pope's disposal the man required. It acquainted him with the fact that the Prince looked favorably on Dr. Korum, and would be additionally pleased if compensation for his disappointment was made him. Cardinal Jacobini at once wrote to Prince Bismarck to ask him if he would approve the choice of Dr. Korum as Bishop of Treves. The Prince replied immediately that he would have great pleasure in recognizing him as the head of that see. The chapter of Treves, requested by the Pope to waive their right of election in this case, consented. The appointment was then made by Papal brief, and the Treves difficulty was solved by Dr. Korum becoming Bishop, to the common satisfaction of the great Chancellor and of the Pope.

The Finances of Turkey.

It has been announced by cable that the Porte the other day received an ominous warning from St. Petersburg—namely, that any arrangement which may be made by the National Debt Commission (representing the foreign creditors), now sitting at Constantinople, must include the war indemnity. The ability of the Turk to respond to this mandate may be inferred from an official statement, showing his present financial condition, which was laid before the Commission on the 9th of last month. The total of funded debt, if taken at the nominal value, amounts to about £200,000,000, and if reduced to the price of issue, represents about £97,000,000. On the other hand, it would appear that the only revenues which can be dealt with immediately are the surplus of the indirect contributions and the surplus revenue of Eastern Roumelia, and these, taken together, amount to only £540,000. Under these circumstances, to insist upon the payment of the Russian war indemnity is tantamount to asking the "sick man" to perform a miracle. If the Czar must have his pound of flesh, he ought, simply as a matter of self-interest, to give his debtor time enough to let the flesh grow on his just now very bare bones.

FUN.

WHY do the French eat less than any other nation? Because one egg is always an *œuf* for them.

EVE was taken to a nice summer garden; but with "nothing to wear" it was not to be expected she could be happy.

A GREAT many people carry their religion on their sleeves, when it will be seen in this connection it may be well to remark that when they die they never take their clothes to the place of judgment.

TEXAS LOGIC: "What is the use of closing the saloons on Sunday? The police won't go to church anyhow. If the saloons are open on Sunday people know right where to go when they want a policeman."

X, with his wife and a friend, is seated on the beach, when a passing gentleman bows to the friend. "That is Monsieur R.," he says, "the eminent divorce lawyer, who has never lost a case." "Ah!" cried X, and his wife, in the same breath, "present us."

An American tourist was visiting Naples and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like this in the new world?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied Jonathan, "but I guess that we have a mill-dam that will put it out in five minutes."

An awkward waiter, handing a plate to a gentleman, spilled some of the gravy upon his clothes, and immediately cried out: "Take care, sir!" "Why, you rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman, who thought he had suffered enough from the fellow's negligence, "are you going to do it again?"

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.—It was at a railway station. The trains were being made up. Putt went to the locomotives, whirled the wheels, and the whistling was terrific. There was backing and forwarding, and all manner of shouting on a labyrinth of rails. "What the deuce are they doing? Practicing for an accident?"

THE five-year-old Betty attended Sunday-school as an observer, and during the rather long prayer kept her head reverently bowed, in imitation of the example of her older companion. During the singing of the following hymn she turned to her companion and, with gravity, whispered: "Don't pray again; I am tired of it."

"ARE you acquainted with this lady?" asked a Little Rock lawyer in court. "Yes, I used to know her pretty well, but I've lost track of her for several years." "Were you intimately acquainted with her?" "Can't say that I was so powerful intimate. 'Bout as intimate as two people ought to be." "You visited her at one time, didn't you?" and the lawyer, who in a sly way was trying to impeach the character of the woman, looked at the jury and winked. "Well, she used to come to my house occasionally." "Will you allow me to ask," and again he looked at the jury, "whether or not this woman visited you in the day-time or at night?" "Sometimes she would come in the day-time and stay all night." "Would there be any one else in the house?" "Not usually." "That settles it. Gentlemen, you observe that this woman—" "Hold on a minute," said the witness. "There's one other fact that you should know before you are too hard on the woman." "What is that, sir?" "Nothing much; only she used to be my wife."

NO PORTRAIT of the late PRESIDENT GARFIELD is more satisfactory as a likeness and suggestive at a glance of the qualities which won for him strength and success with the people, than the Bierstadt artotype, published by E. B. REAT of this city. General Garfield himself preferred the picture to any other, and ordered nearly two thousand during the last few months of his life. The artotype process gives exceedingly faithful and permanent results, so that the Bierstadt portrait, which will not fade by age or exposure, will undoubtedly become the standard likeness of the martyr President.

A GAIN OF TWENTY POUNDS IN A MONTH.

AFTER using COMPOUND OXYGEN for a month, a patient at Jewett, Texas, writes: "I began taking your COMPOUND OXYGEN on the 10th of September, and have kept it up since that time. I have not been sick since. I had been sick for six months—was confined to bed three months, taking medicine almost every hour of day and night. Have not taken a drop of medicine since. Have a good appetite; can eat almost anything, and it agrees with me. I consider myself nearly well. . . . Have gained twenty pounds since using the Oxygen Treatment." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STABBEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN Mercury is playing among the nineties it mars the pleasure of existence, and we feel as though we might Diana minute, and as though we needed something to Bacchus. If we have Centaur family into the country it is not such a Ceres matter, for we can manage to Pan out somehow or another. But if a fellow has several little Cupids to take care of he is in a bad fix. In a case of that kind I always find Minerva failing, and Juno yourself that it does in Vesta fellow with solicitude.

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Yours truly, MRS. JOHN T. RAYMOND.

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West, For children thrive and mothers rest, The darling girls all named Victoria, And with the boys they have CASTORIA. It is a fact, there is no "maybe," A mother's milk can't save the baby, While sweet CASTORIA digests their food, Gives them health and makes them good.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

VISITORS from the Northern States, who take passage by the commodious steamers of the OLD DOMINION LINE will be landed directly at the Yorktown Centennial grounds. The popularity of the OLD DOMINION LINE between the North and South increases every season, and as travelers desiring comfort and security it offers many attractions.

THE ST. NICHOLAS, New York, has begun the Fall campaign with all the freshness and vigor of a brand new hotel. A number of improvements have been made in this favorite house during the past Summer, and its semi-annual cleaning leaves it as bright as a pin. Travelers are loud in their praise of the substantial as well as the elegant style in which they are always served at the ST. NICHOLAS.

THE principle of the Edison instantaneous system of music, elsewhere advertised, is exceedingly simple. Arabic figures instead of the ordinary musical notation are used, the sheet on which they are printed being placed upon the key-board of the piano, and all that is then necessary is for the performer to strike the keys directly under the numbers on the sheet. Figures denoting repeated notes are placed in columns, and sharp notes are indicated by stars, while another device indicates the movement in which the piece is to be performed. The tales of the success of unpracticed performers with the Edison music are marvellous, and it seems likely that nothing can now prevent anyone who chooses, and has a few minutes to spare, from becoming an expert and skillful pianist.

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Upon receipt of \$4.00 we will mail, post paid, one of these Solid Nickel Stem Winding Watches. The retail price of which has always been from \$7 to \$10 in this city. They are good time-keepers, flat, heavy crystal, and never change color. The Price we offer them at is less than the Wholesale price; but as a further inducement and in order to introduce our goods and publications in your vicinity, we will send you in addition to the Watch, THE ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD GUEST MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR, containing 48 PAGES of choice reading matter, and FINE ILLUSTRATIONS. The regular subscription price is \$1.50 per year. We will also mail a one portrait engraving of our late President and LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, also 1874. For \$1.00 extra we will send an Elegant Gold-Plated (curb-pattern) vest chain worth at retail \$2.50.

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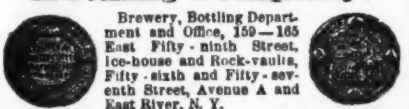
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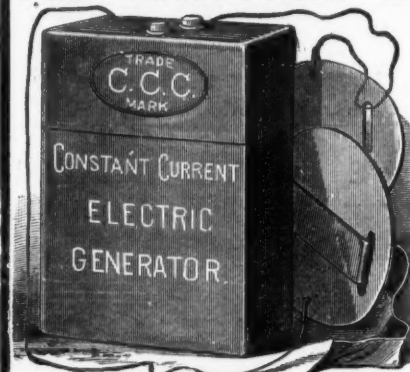
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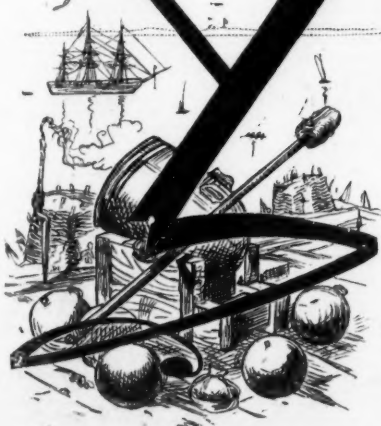
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CENTENNIAL OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.—GENERAL WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN IN THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE BRITISH WORKS, OCT. 9TH, 1781.

YORKTOWN'S CENTENNIAL.



THE surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was practically the climax of the Revolutionary War. Up to that time America had apparently reaped little benefit from the alliance with France. English fleets no longer commanded the whole coast, but beyond that, little had been effected. The combined operations where attempted had proved abortive, and the English, with their solid, stubborn hold, exulted at each victory. Not a single important place had been wrested from their hands by the allies, although Spain, fighting on her own account, had taken Pensacola from the English and planted her flag once more in Florida.

Under the impulse given by Lord Rawdon the English forces which had landed in South Carolina had overrun that State, and, traversing North Carolina, were on the soil of Virginia. The American force there was too weak to cope with disciplined troops, regulars, well-officed and full of confidence. Lafayette could only manoeuvre, thwart and delay the enemy. But Virginia did not prove the land of promise and plenty that Cornwallis antici-

pated. To push on to the North through strongly patriot districts was a serious undertaking; to fall back to his original base at Charleston, through a sparsely settled State, confronted at every step by the partisans who had recovered their elasticity and dash, as well as by an organized Continental army, was no longer feasible.

The campaign had grown tiresome. There was no enemy at hand worth fighting, not much plunder to be gathered, so he planned with his superior officer, Sir Henry Clinton, to transfer operations to the North where something might be done. He encamped with leisurely ease at Yorktown to await the shipping, which with no less leisurely red tape was to drift down some day and take on board the Southern English army, with its laurels and its plunder.

For a moment Clinton became anxious at New York, as the armies of Washington and Rochambeau seemed to threaten that city, and he sent orders to Cornwallis to dispatch part of his force to his relief. The Southern Army was then at Portsmouth, and three thousand soldiers were actually on the trans-

ports ready to sail when orders came countermanding the previous directions. The arrival of some thousands of Hessians had given Clinton new confidence, and he resolved not to weaken the army of Cornwallis. He might, indeed, strengthen it to resume the offensive. Meanwhile, it was to take up a strong position on the coast, and Clinton had designated Yorktown as far better than Portsmouth. Supposing that the transports had actually sailed, Lafayette informed Washington of this heavy draught on Cornwallis's force, and his consequently comparatively weak condition. Washington had really meditated an attack on New York, with the aid of Rochambeau's army and that of the French fleet under the Count de Grasse, which was then in the West Indies. The French admiral was ready to co-operate with him for a time, and the commander of the French squadron at Newport, De Barras, offered to put himself under the orders of De Grasse still further to increase the forces.

The failure of the combined arms at Newport and at Savannah taught the American and French commanders the importance of neglecting nothing

which could insure certain and decisive success. The plans were formed with great care and judgment, and a time fixed for De Grasse's presence at the entrance of the Chesapeake. He seemed to the English too busy in the West Indies to enter into any Northern operations. Clinton saw only the danger of New York. His reinforcements and the presence of a fleet under Admiral Graves made him feel none too secure.

Meanwhile Washington, aided by a loan of money from Rochambeau's military chest, began his march southward. Though warned by a Hessian officer on the outposts that Washington was evidently aiming at Cornwallis and Virginia, Clinton would not believe it. His army and fleet lay idle below, while the allied armies at the end of August leisurely crossed the Hudson, unmolested and unmolested, and full of exultation faced southward. Even then Washington kept up the delusion of Clinton by letters which he allowed the British to intercept in New Jersey. Not till after De Grasse was in the Chesapeake did Clinton awake from his dream. Then he dispatched Graves in haste to relieve or save Cornwallis. A man of greater ability or genius than Graves would have found it hard to wring success from such confusion. De Grasse had landed three thousand French soldiers, under the Marquis de Saint-Simon, who placed himself and his men under the command of the American General Lafayette, and lay with his fleet between the capes of the Chesapeake when Graves at last appeared. A curious battle ensued—a naval engagement, not to capture or destroy each other's vessels, but on the one side to effect an entrance to the bay and on the other to prevent it. There was a strong temptation for the French admiral to cause all possible damage to his antagonist, but he held to his main object. The result of the fighting fell on Bougainville, who, as Montcalm's ablest general, had struck the English many a hard blow in Canada, and now won laurels as a naval commander. Graves was so terribly handled that he had to abandon and burn one of his ships, and at last sailed sullenly off, leaving Cornwallis completely hemmed in by sea. So little was this expected that the first boat that put out

hope for relief by land or water. Yorktown had been well fortified, but two redoubts that he had thrown up at some distance were now abandoned. The fortifications were earthworks, redoubts and batteries on the right, with a line of stockade in the rear which supported a high parapet. Over a marshy ravine in front of the right was a large redoubt; the morass was defended by a stockade and batteries. Two small redoubts had been thrown up in front of the left. The ground in front of the works, cut up in many places by ravines, was difficult of approach.

The Count de Grasse kept his fleet off the capes, for he felt that Rodney might appear at any moment, and he was already fretting at the delay. No time, therefore, was to be lost in pushing the siege operations. As the besieging army took position before Yorktown, the French were on the left, Saint-Simon's troops, brought up by De Grasse from the West Indies, being at the extreme of the line; then the French light infantry under Baron Viomenil, with the brilliant officers, Viscount Vionnet, Duke de Laval, Montmorency, Count Deuxpont and Count Custine. Around the quarters of Washington and Rochambeau, in the centre, were the French artillery. On the right, across the marsh, were the American troops, Knox with his artillery; Steuben with the Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania line; Clinton with the men of New York, Jersey and Rhode Island; Lafayette with the light infantry, among them Hazen's Canadians; and then on the extreme right General Nelson with the Virginia militia.

De Lauzon, with his cavalry, was watching the British horse at Gloucester. At last he got a chance to strike a blow as he came up with Tarleton. With a laugh, these gay Frenchmen rode down the British troopers. Tarleton was wounded and unhorsed, and narrowly escaped capture. The man whose cruelty and rapine had made him dreaded through the country lost all his prestige that day.

On the dark and stormy evening of October 6th the first parallel was commenced within six hundred yards of Cornwallis's lines. So silently was the work accomplished under the orders of General

The redoubt on the right, near York River, was garrisoned by forty-five men, and the capture of this was assigned to General Lafayette, who ordered Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Hamilton to take it. That on the left, manned by about a hundred and fifty men, was assigned to Count William de Deux Ponts.

Six shells gave the signal. Colonel Hamilton, with his own and Lieutenant-colonel Gimat's battalion, dashed forward without firing a gun, while Colonel Laurens struck for the rear to intercept the enemy's retreat. Almost simultaneously the troops entered the redoubts from different sides. Lieutenant Mansfield, as he entered in front in the van, received a bayonet wound; Captain Olney, gaining the parapet over palisade and abatis, was twice wounded by bayonet thrusts, but formed his men; Laurens not only entered the works, but received the sword of the British Major Campbell, who surrendered as a prisoner. The garrison yielded with a loss of only eight, and the triumph of the Americans was stained by no cruelty.

As the French pressed on to assault the redoubt before them, a German sentry hailed. A brisk fire followed, but the disciplined soldiers pushed on to the palisades and abatis, where they halted like statues, till the axes had opened a way. Then with a rush they were up the works. Charles de Lameth in the van received a musket ball in each knee as he mounted the parapet. With a shout of "Vive le Roi," Count de Deux Ponts bounded into the redoubt, his men beside him re-echoing his shout. Captain de Sireuil, as he uttered the expression of fidelity to his sovereign, receiving a third wound and falling dead. In six minutes the redoubt was captured and manned, but one hundred of the gallant storming party were killed or wounded. This splendid feat of arms won a proud honor for the Gatinois Regiment, which received the designation of "Royal Auvergne."

These redoubts were at once included in the siege-works. Cornwallis made one effort against the besiegers, who had scarcely anticipated any operation of an offensive character; but just before dawn of day on the 16th a British sortie of three hundred

marched through the country might be reclaimed by their owners, and under this clause Tarleton had to dismount from a splendid horse he had taken from a Virginia gentleman's stable. The private property of the British officers and soldiers was to be respected. Lord Cornwallis was allowed to send off a packet with dispatches, and secretly put on board persons who would be most obnoxious to the outraged people of the South.

Lord Cornwallis had lost three hundred and fifty men during the siege. Seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven, the very flower of the British regular troops, with eight hundred and forty sailors, thus surrendered.

The last act of the drama was enacted at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th of October, 1781. The land forces and supplies were assigned to the Americans, to whom the latter were most acceptable; the ships and marines went to the French. It would have been less humiliating for the British army to surrender to General Rochambeau, but there was no alternative. Cornwallis could not brook the disgrace. He remained in his tent. The combined army was drawn up, the Americans on the right, the French on the left of the road, extending more than a mile, Washington and Rochambeau at the head of their respective lines, which contrasted strangely, the French being in full parade dress, the Americans with war-worn uniforms, or well-used homespun. From far and near the people had gathered on foot, on horseback and in wagons, till they outnumbered the soldiery of the three armies.

Major-general O'Hara, splendidly mounted, marched the British army past the lines of the combined armies, the conquered troops following at a slow and solemn step, with shouldered arms, colors cased and drums beating a British march. General O'Hara advanced to General Washington, took off his hat and apologized for the non-appearance of his superior officer.

General Washington referred him to General Lincoln for directions, and by him the British army was conducted to a spacious field, where the order was given to ground arms. Then they piled their muskets and sidearms and laid down their accoutrements with no little show of temper.

The conquered soldiers acted respectfully towards the French, and the Hessians were very friendly to the German regiments in the French army, but with true British pride, they affected to despise the patriot soldiers of America as peasants. A French officer remarks: "The English were proud and arrogant. There was no call for this. They had not even made a handsome defense, and at this very moment were beaten and disarmed by peasants who were almost naked, whom they pretended to despise, and who, nevertheless, were their conquerors."

Couriers and signals carried the cheering intelligence through the land. It reached Philadelphia at midnight, and the watchman calling out the hour, cried: "Twelve o'clock, and all is well—and Cornwallis is taken!" and before the hand of the clock could mark the lapse of minutes, the illuminated windows and glad shouts betokened the universal joy.

Then Congress proceeded in a body to a house of worship to thank the Ruler of the Universe for the liberty he had enabled America to conquer. A century has elapsed, and America joins in the glad commemoration of the day that decided the reality of American independence, proclaimed in 1776, and purchased after years of struggle by the trials and hardships and sacrifices of our patriot forefathers.

THE CENTENNIAL OBSERVANCE.

Yorktown, the scene of the events here recorded and of the centennial celebration now in progress, is situated on a high bluff of concrete or stone masonry, covered with a sandy soil, on the south side of the York River, about eleven miles from its mouth. It is the highest ground on either the York or James river below Richmond. The peninsula on which the town is located is level, and on each side of the village deep ravines embrace it, almost meeting in the rear. At the time of the siege, in 1781, the village contained about sixty houses. Its sole importance was as a shipping port for the tobacco and other products of Virginia. In 1814 a considerable portion of the town was destroyed by fire, and from that blow it has never recovered. It is now little more than a dilapidated memorial of its former self. The average width of the York River in the neighborhood of Yorktown is about two miles, but directly opposite the town it is narrowed to a mile by the projecting cape, on which the village of Gloucester is situated. This, too, was once a thrifty and enterprising settlement, but the depreciation of the surrounding country for agricultural purposes checked the growth of its incipient commerce, and here, as at Yorktown, the agencies of decay have been more active than those of prosperity and progress.

The Centennial Association, which organized the present celebration, has done everything in its power to make the affair successful. Through them all the descendants of the prominent French officers present at Yorktown who could be found have been personally invited to come and become the guests of the association while in this country. The association has bought the Temple farm, which covers the battle ground at Yorktown; refitted the Moore house, where the capitulation was signed; has put up a hall, where the speeches will be delivered; cleared the ground, built a railway around it, and made all the preparations possible for the arrival and departure of visitors.

The Moore farm lies a mile away from the village, towards the southeast. It is largely a level plateau, one boundary of which is the bluff overlooking the Chesapeake. This is to be the camping and parade ground of the troops, and is well adapted to the purpose. The Moore house is a wooden structure, two stories in height, newly clapboarded, shingled and painted, and is in appearance a very comfortable edifice. It is doubtful if anything but the form, and possibly the old chimney, remains of the original building. Of the Revolutionary earthworks and defenses but little remains. The later war-marks—those of Magruder and McClellan—are conspicuous on all hands.

The site of the Centennial monument is a projection of the bluff near the village, and is conspicuous from the water for a long distance. The edge of the bluff will furnish an excellent standing-place for as many people as can possibly be gathered, from which to view the naval review. Posts for electric lights have been placed at intervals along the road from the village to the Moore farm. On the bluff regular troops, twenty thousand militia, six thousand Marines and twenty-five Governors of States, with their staffs, are expected to be present, and tents have been provided for them all. It is expected also that the Senate of the United States will add its dignity to the week's events.

Already a number of military and civic organizations are on the ground, and the commemorative season is in progress. Successive days have been set apart for the several interests and associations to be represented, leading up to the general reception day, upon Monday, October 17th, and the national ceremonies of that week. Following is the official programme in full:

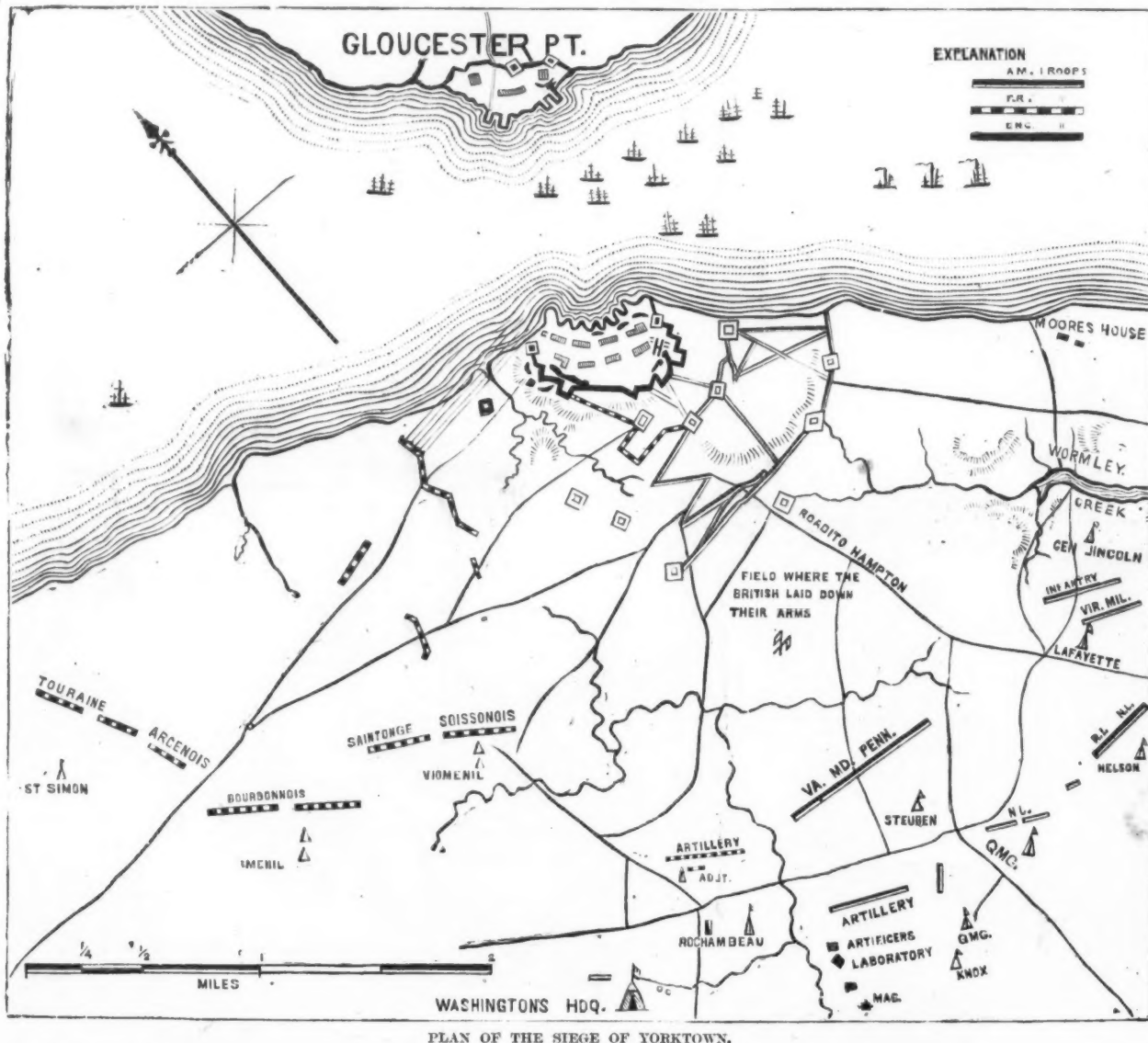
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18TH.

The President and his Cabinet, the Congressional Commission, the Governors and Commissioners of the States and the guests of the nation will be received by the Governor of Virginia and his staff at Lafayette Hall at 11 A. M., whence they will proceed in a body to the monument site, where the ceremonies will take place.

The chairman of the joint commission of Congress, Hon. John W. Johnston, United States Senator from the State of Virginia, will call the assembly to order at 12 o'clock noon.

Prayer by the Rev. Robert Nelson, grandson of Governor Nelson, of Virginia, who commanded the Virginia militia during the siege of Yorktown.

"The Star Spangled Banner," by three hundred voices, under the leadership of Professor Charles Siegel, of Richmond, Va., accompanied by the Marine Band.



PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

from the shore of Virginia, when De Grasse's fleet anchored in the Chesapeake, bore a Tory who asked to be introduced to Lord Rodney, and the French admiral's desert was made up of dainties intended for his British rival.

Cornwallis saw Lafayette's army well by Saint-Simon's and Wayne's forces nearly to his own numbers, and De Barras's fleet arrive with heavy siege guns to menace his position. Affairs began to look ominously serious. The allied armies had marched down through Jersey, crossed the Delaware, and before all the divisions passed Philadelphia, news came that De Grasse, with his fleet of twenty-eight ships, was in the Chesapeake and had landed three thousand men. The effect was exhilarating. Crowds gathered around the house of the French Ambassador to cheer and hurrah in anticipation of victory. Regiment after regiment, now of splendidly-uniformed French veterans, now of tattered Continentals or militia in every guise, marched on till they camped at the Head of Elk, a stream flowing into the Chesapeake, from which they were to be conveyed by water to the scene of action.

Washington, leaving Rochambeau at Baltimore, went on to Mount Vernon, which he had not seen for more than six years. Here the French general joined him, and the two commanders proceeded with their staffs to Williamsburg. Meanwhile the boats and light vessels of the French fleet had been rapidly transporting the army to its destination. "The Chesapeake Bay is a little Mediterranean," writes a French officer, "and some immense rivers empty into it, which bear the largest ships."

On the 17th of September Washington writes: "In company with Count de Rochambeau, the Chevalier de Chastelloux, General Knox and General Duportail, I set out for an interview with the admiral, and arrived on board the *Ville de Paris* (off Cape Henry) the next day about noon; and, having settled most points with him to my satisfaction, except not obtaining assurance of sending ships above York, I embarked on board the *Queen Charlotte*, the vessel I went down on; but, by reason of hard blowing and contrary winds, I did not reach Williamsburg again till the 22d."

All was now arranged for the siege of Lord Cornwallis in Yorktown. He resolved to do his utmost for an obstinate defense, hoping almost against

Lincoln that the British sentinels on their works heard nothing and knew nothing till the morning light showed trenches so far advanced as to protect the laborers from the English guns. Cornwallis opened fire on the allied lines, the regiments of Bourbon, Soissons and Tours, under Viomenil, receiving most attention, though with little loss. The siege works were pushed on rapidly, and several batteries and redoubts were completed on the 9th, Chastelloux and Saint-Simon occupying the trenches as the works advanced.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of October 9th the American battery on the right of the line opened fire, General Washington himself firing the first gun at the enemy's works. The cannonade was kept up steadily all night long. Early the next morning the French battery on the left began hurling missiles into the beleaguered town. As the day wore on two more batteries on each wing of the army joined. The fire now became so excessively heavy that Cornwallis drew in his cannon from his embrasures, and virtually ceased to reply to the terrible cannonade of the allies. The shot and shell tore through the works, and carried desolation through the town. They even went beyond, and a red-hot shot or a shell set fire to the frigate *Arion* and three transports that lay in the river, and, in spite of all efforts to save them, they lit up the scene with their flames, till naught remained but floating fragments. The other British vessels sought in haste the Gloucester shore to get out of range of the French guns and mortars, yet they were doomed to lose one more, fired even there. That night was clear and bright, and the spectacle was a sublime one, that few who witnessed it ever forgot.

On the night of the 11th the combined armies ran a second parallel within three hundred yards of the British lines. As before, the work was done so skillfully and silently that the English, unconscious of their operations, made no attack on the working parties. To complete these works, it was now necessary to capture the two advanced English redoubts which commanded the new line. The artillery played upon them incessantly, and breaches were at last made. The moment was come for real fighting, and the greatest emulation existed in the French and American armies. Each side panted to display its prowess to its allies.

and fifty men, led by Lord Abercrombie, carried part of the second parallel. They hastily spiked six guns, but retreated before the besiegers could open on them. The spikes were soon extracted and the second line of siege works opened with terrible effect. Governor Nelson pointed out one of the heaviest guns against his own house, which formed a strong position in the English lines, and which stands to our day in spite of the battering it received from its patriotic owner. Cornwallis's position was now a desperate one. His hastily erected works were crumbling away, his guns dismounted or silenced, and his ammunition nearly exhausted. Clinton's folly in advising him to abandon Portsmouth for Yorktown now became apparent. Only one bold resource was left. To cross silently to Gloucester, evacuating Yorktown while keeping up a show of resistance, overpower the force under General Choisy, and, abandoning his sick and wounded with all baggage, outstrip the allied armies by a forced march northward, living on the country till Clinton could send out to meet and save him. He acted promptly, and threw one detachment across the river; but such a violent storm came on that the soldiers could not land. Cornwallis bowed his head to fate. When day came he recalled the few troops who had reached Gloucester, and at ten o'clock, while the allied guns were still briskly served, he beat a parley and asked a cessation of hostilities to negotiate the capitulation of the posts of York and Gloucester, the English hold on the South combining strangely enough names thus familiar in English history. After an exchange of letters Viscount Noailles and Lieutenant-colonel John Laurens met Colonel Dundas and Major Ross at Mrs. Moore's house, on the right of the American lines, in order to settle the terms. They could not agree. Then Washington drafted terms which he sent to Lord Cornwallis, requesting that they should be signed by eleven o'clock on the 19th, and that the garrison should be ready to march out within three hours. Lord Cornwallis, seeing it useless to hope for better terms, yielded. The articles were the same as those which Clinton had imposed on General Lincoln at Charleston. All the troops were to be prisoners of war; all public property was to be delivered up. Runaway slaves and the plunder taken by officers and soldiers as they

Address of welcome by his Excellency, F. W. M. Holliday, Governor of Virginia.
 "The Marshall-Hymn," by the chorus of voices under the leadership of Professor Siegel, the accompaniment by the Marine Band.
 Introductory address by the chairman of the commission, Hon. John W. Johnston, of Virginia.
 "Hail Columbia," by the chorus of voices led by Professor Siegel, the accompaniment by the Marine Band.
 Laying the corner-stone of the monument by the Grand Master of Masons of Virginia, assisted by the Grand Masters of the thirteen original States.
 Grand fantasia, International Congress, Sousa, by the Marine Band, conducted by Professor J. Philip Sousa.
 At 7 P. M. there will be a pyrotechnic display from a boat moored in York River.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19TH.

The assembly will be called to order by Hon. John W. Johnston, Chairman of the Yorktown Centennial Commission.
 Overture, "Le Caid," Ambrose Thomas, by the Marine Band, conducted by Professor J. Philip Sousa.
 Prayer by a clergyman not yet selected.
 Hymn, words by Charles Poindexter, music by J. E. Scholmer, rendered by the chorus of 300 voices under Professor C. L. Siegel, accompanied by the Marine Band under Professor Sousa.
 Address by the President of the United States, Centennial Ode, words by Paul H. Hayne, of South Carolina; set to music by Professor J. Mosenthal, of New York; rendered by the chorus of 300 voices under Professor C. L. Siegel, accompanied by the Marine Band.
 Oration by Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, "The Star Spangled Banner," by the chorus under Professor Siegel, accompanied by the Marine Band.
 Centennial Psalm by Mr. James Barron Hope, of Virginia.
 Overture by Dodworth's Thirteenth Regiment Band, of the National Guard of the State of New York.
 At the conclusion of the ceremonies a reception will be held by the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Congressional Commission and the guests of the nation, in Lafayette Hall.
 At 7 P. M. there will be a pyrotechnic display from boats moored in York River.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20TH.

Grand military and naval parade and review by the President of the United States of the troops and other organizations present, under command of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, United States Army, the arrangements for which will be made by him and announced later.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21ST.

Grand naval review by the President of the United States and exercises by the fleet, under command of Rear Admiral R. H. Wyman, United States Navy, the arrangements for which will be made by him and announced later.

A DEAD YEAR.

"I took a year out of my life and story,
 A dead year!—and I said, 'I will build thee a tomb.'"

HONEY-SUCKLE was wreathed about the window, but its straying branches, gemmed with "arabesques of balm," only made a lovely frame for the two young heads that were always to be found at this hour bent over their books. I used to stroll half unconsciously to a coigne of vantage in the garden and watch them—my little sister Nest, with her tumbled bronze curls, and her German teacher's small graceful head, with its crown of gold. I had spoken to her but seldom, still I knew by heart the uplifting of those calm-lidded forget-me-not eyes, the face with its pure coloring the slender and lithe young form in its dull blue dress, with the tiny lace ruffle on the round white throat, and the sweet mouth with its wistful smile now and then at m' sister's odd blunders. I found a strange pleasure in meeting her as if by accident as she left, and noting the faint rose-leaf flush stealing up into her pale cheek. I would have been at a loss to account for the sadness of such a young face, but Nest had told me that she was all alone in this new land where her father had brought her, and my heart was touched at the thought.

"She has told me about her father so much," chattered Nest, "he was such a wonderful man—like a wizard, I should think—but he was only a doctor. Hilda says. She thinks the doctors in Germany know more than ours—at least she is sure her father did."

"Poor child!" I said.
 "Do you know," whispered Ernestine, with an air of mystery, "that there is something very curious about Hilda—she forgets things!"

I laughed outright. "Scarcely a peculiarity in—" I began.
 "Oh, now wait. I mean very important things. Now, she was in Germany when the war broke out with France, and I wanted to know all about it. Well, do you believe, she couldn't tell me anything, not the least fact!" and Nest looked very serious and wise.

"What did she say about it?"
 "Oh, that she forgot. Now, Malcolm, you know when our native land is in peril, we don't forget."

My little sister was quite patriotic, and it seemed to her a phenomenon that one should not have a thorough knowledge of all that regarded one's own country.

"Oh, well, she might have been at a convent school, or—"

"That's the strange thing about it."

"What?"

"She don't know where she was!"

I own I was somewhat startled by this announcement.

"Does she say so?"

"She says she don't recollect."

"Perhaps she has had brain fever and forgotten the past."

"No, she remembers all the past very well."

"Except how long?"

"One year—the year of the war. She seems troubled about it, too."

"Then you must not dwell on it," I said.

"You don't want to annoy her?"

"No; I love her—I love her dearly!" said Nest, flying off after a very tempting black-velvet butterfly, with golden trimming on its polonaise.

I felt like echoing my little sister's sentiments, and then I smiled in scorn of myself. How could I love a woman of whose mind and

heart I knew nothing—I who had always raved about sympathy of soul.

I could not explain it as I paced the garden walks. It was fate—fore ordination, perhaps; but one thing I knew—it was fact—I loved my sister's teacher, Hilda Blumenthal, with a feeling I had never experienced before, and I suddenly discovered that the German language would be exceedingly necessary to me in my profession.

I used to sit and study the girl's face, and I found it very puzzling. Innocent, angelic as it was, there were strange experiences of pain written upon it. It did not seem like the face of one who had only turned over a few of youth's white pages in the book of life, but rather as if she had looked into many a blotted and blurred one—blotted with tears, blurred by the soul's agony into a mist. I can scarcely explain how from the eyes, so blue and childlike, something seemed at times to look out with unutterable experiences from their depths, lurking there like some wild spirit that could not quite be laid. It is in vain to try and explain it, but it would come over me with a sudden agony at times that once some one had held the fair white hands clasped so listlessly in her lap, that the kiss of love had some time been laid on that sweet, pathetic mouth.

I think that feeling came over me the most painfully just after the fullness of joy when it was my hand that clasped hers, my lips that had touched hers as reverently as if she had been a saint.

"Darling," I said, "did you ever care for any one before?"

"Never," she answered, promptly, in a tone of sweet content: "and I am glad, Malcolm."

"I'm sure I could not love twice."

"So no one ever held you to his heart as I am doing?" I questioned.

"No, no. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am a jealous monster," I said, with a laugh: "because I would not have a thought or a memory dwell on any one else."

"Ah, well; you shall be satisfied. Only you will not mind if I think of my father and remember him?"

"Oh, no, my pet. I am not so unreasonable."

"He would be so glad that his child had found so good, so true a man to protect her."

she said, tears dimming her sweet eyes. "Ah, if he could have lived to have seen this day."

You would have revered him, Malcolm. He was full of wisdom. He had wonderful learning and wonderful power. He was a doctor, you know, and he could do as much for the mind as the body. I will show you his papers, some time—his diary—and then you will know him better. I can't bear to look at them myself, but I long for you to know something of him. And he died—oh, so suddenly—in a moment!"

I could not feel such an intense interest in the dead doctor as my dear girl seemed to expect, but I feigned it for her sake, and a few days afterwards took the package of papers as reverently as she gave them, promising myself that I really would look through them some time. But I know I thought more at that moment of the knot of lilies-of-the-valley at my darling's throat—and how virginal and pure she looked—and I wondered if ever on God's earth a saintlier soul had looked out of the holy eyes of a woman. And yet, some times, I seemed to catch vanishings of a world of thought and feeling remote from me—a region where I had not entered, where I did not belong. One day I suddenly remembered Nest's confidence to me, and it occurred to me to test it.

"Were they very much disturbed in Heidelberg that Summer the war broke out?" I asked.

She flushed and hesitated.

"You were home, weren't you?"

"I—I can't remember," she said, in a constrained voice.

"Why, it is only five years ago, my pet; don't your memory go back for five years?"

"Oh, further than that," she said, quickly: "but Malcolm, I have been puzzled about it very often. I will tell you, there is just that one year I cannot remember anything about."

Good heaven! could it be that she had lost her reason during that time, and been in an insane asylum? The thought came to me like a flash of electric light, and thrilled me with pain. Was there the taint of insanity in my darling's blood? The doubt stung me. How else could she have lost a year out of her life?

"Were you sick or sad when you remember your life again?"

"Oh, no; we were full of hope about the new country, for we were coming here."

"And did you ever talk to your father about it?"

"My dear Malcolm, would you believe it that I never discovered till lately that a year had slipped out of my life in such a mysterious manner. It was fixing dates about the war that did it, and then poor papa was in the churchyard."

And she looked so sad that I kissed her, saying:

"Never mind about the lost year, darling. I will make the coming years so bright that you will soon forget it."

"I don't care for it now, if you don't," she whispered, with her head upon my shoulder: "only it makes me strange, unlike other girls."

"So you are unlike them!" I exclaimed, in a lover's rhapsody: "so much sweeter and purer and saintlier," and so on through the rosary of love.

But still, once in a while, like a discord among the sweet notes, the thought of that year would recur to me. I knew all my darling's life all her pure, sweet thoughts, and I grew jealous of those closed and sealed pages in a very unreasoning way.

One night, a week before our wedding day, which was fixed in the rosy month of June, I sat at my window idly looking out into the

moonlit garden, when a thought struck me—the diary—why had I not remembered it before? Surely that would throw light upon this year. I own I did not take it up without a thrill, as if I were disturbing some dead and buried sorrow. I had a very curious sensation about it, a cold chill creeping over me, as if I were entering a grave. And was I not about to interrogate the dead about the living? I turned over the pages without interest till I came to a certain date, and even then I was not thoroughly interested till I saw Hilda's name as follows:

"July 12th.—I'm glad Hilda likes her school. It was a struggle to let her go, but best that she should not spend her young life with an old man so absorbed in science. She is out of the way of lovers, too, and will be better guarded. I began to fear an interest in young Von Eberstein—dissipated young spendthrift as he is, has just the kind of romantic appearance, with his large melancholy dark eyes, that would fascinate my fair little girl. But Madame Gerhard will look after all this—the child is only sixteen—too young yet to think of love, and I would rather lay her in her grave than give her to Von Eberstein—she knows it, too."

"August 2d.—I am drawing near to a wonderful discovery, and I tremble as one who stands on the shore of the infinite at this new shell of knowledge that I have picked up. Why should it not be that one might learn to forget. Oh, the torture of memory to the sinner, it is the hell that is the penalty of his sin. If one could—"

Well, I did not finish on this topic. I was so eager to go on about my darling, so I hurried over the leaf till I saw her name again, and then I dropped the book paralyzed with terror, for this is what I read:

"September 30th.—God in heaven have mercy! My child is gone! She went out on some little shopping expedition, they write me; she was seen walking under the trees with a young man. Ach, Himmel! I know who he was! May God Almighty punish him for ever—and that was the last. Oh, Hilda! oh, my little white dove! Oh, my heart is breaking! But I will find her! I will kill the miserable wretch, the—"

There was a sudden break here, and I could have read no more. My heart seemed to stand still, and I wondered if madness had not con-jured up the whole. I passed my hand over my eyes, stared out into the moonlight at the familiar scene, took up a rosebud that Hilda had given me that evening, and dropped it again and crushed it under my heel. Was she so false and such a consummate actress, too? How innocent, how guileless! Ah! my brain burned and every pulse beat painfully, but I picked up the book again. Perhaps there was some mistake. I must know the worst. There was a long hiatus—no entry till—

"January 31st.—Thank Heaven! I have found her—so miserable, so abject, that I have only wept and taken her in my arms and whispered that, though all the world turn against her, her father's heart and home are open. She has told me the whole story—the lovers' meeting, and how he wiled her away with lies about a priest waiting, and his mother's wedding ring. No one would know my girl now, and no one shall have a chance to see her; the neighbors do not know she is in the house. But when I find the accursed villain who has wrecked her life—"

Here followed the most blood-curdling threats and vows, but I could not read them, I hurried on.

"February 10th.—I do not write much here now—what have I to tell? I have forgotten all the other wrecks of humanity in the one that sits beside my hearth, looking with listless eyes on all. I cannot rouse her to anything. Life seems at an end for her. The horror, the amaze, seems to have turned her to stone, and yet in this marble image a heart pulses painfully, a brain dazed, yet for ever recurring, in terrible monotone, to one experience, throbs on. My God, I must do something! I waken each day with a horror that I shall find her dead by her own hand! She was so white a thing. Oh, God! Thou knowest that she shudders at herself."

"March 20th.—I laid the first snowdrop of the year in her hands this morning, and she burst into tears. She has always loved flowers so much, my poor little girl. Last year she gathered them herself, and they crowned her their Queen of May. Oh, my God! if she could forget!"

"March 25th.—If she could forget! Why not? I hold the key and can lock up the past at will. It is memory that is killing her. Then I will kill memory, and she will be my own pure little girl again—for she is pure. It is only the good who are tortured by memory—the evil do not suffer. It is only to paralyze, by electric shock, a certain knot of nerves, and all this misery will be wiped off, as with a sponge, from the tablet of memory. Thank God, the power is in my hands; I believe He has given it me to save my child."

"April 10th.—Oh, God in heaven, I thank Thee. It has succeeded beyond my hopes. She is growing well—rosy even—and she has forgotten! I have found my child again, and she has regained her happiness and innocence! She remembers nothing—nothing of the slow hours of despair when the burning plowshares went over her. I have tested her, I have even mentioned his name—the accursed one—and she did not know it! My girl has dropped the past—like a garment no more fitting—and has donned the spotless robes of innocence again. We are going to America, where no echo of her story can ever reach her, and we will be happy once more together."

I only looked at one entry more, which spoke of Hilda's happy smiles and tender love to the father in the strange land, and the pleasant little home that she brightened with her presence, and then there was the end very soon after. I closed the book. I knew all now, and wished that I could, like

Hilda, forget. I sat motionless, not heeding whether it was night or day.

Hilda! my saint with the holy eyes! I knew why I had seen strange vanishings of expression so hard to interpret in those eyes; why there was an inexplicable sadness about them as of eyes accustomed to tears; why her mouth held such possibilities of pain. She had not deceived me, after all. As far as she knew, she had been true. There was nothing in her past, as she knew it, that could bring a blush to her cheek.

And yet I knew, and the knowledge seemed to build up an invisible wall between us—a gulf that I could see although she could not. How could I betray her childlike trust in me? On what plea could I break the bond between us?

Her wedding-dress was made. She had shown it to me in innocent, girlish pride, and it was wreathed with white lilies-of-the-valley—as pure and as sweet as herself, I had said. I would write to her; I could not look in that face and give her up.

No; it would be dastardly to write, to give her the stab in the dark, and not know what she suffered. After all, she had been sinned against, and the very memory of it was past, her heart was as pure as a little child's. So the reader will guess the sequel. Love conquered, and we were married. Never a more innocent, girlish face beamed beneath a bridal veil; never purer, shyer eyes were raised to receive a husband's kiss.

I was happy; only now and then a torturing thought would torment me. Could that certain tangle of nerves of which the doctor spoke ever regain its power. A paralyzed limb sometimes recovers a feeble motion. What a horror if the slumbering brain woke and the terrible past, with all its hideousness, should dawn suddenly upon my Hilda!

I found her as good, as gentle, as I had dreamed, with a tender, loving heart, and quick, generous impulses. We did not go to Germany on our wedding journey, although she urged it, and it was my first negative to her wishes. I was afraid—afraid of an echo from the past.

But we went to Paris, and I dazzled my simple wife's eyes with the pretty things I bought for her. We went in and out of the grand old galleries, too, and she developed a taste for the old masters, and a knowledge of art that charmed me. Each day seemed to bring up from the clear pellucid waters of this young life some "pearl of purest ray serene" that I accepted with new delight.

One day we had gone back to our hotel weary of the day's work, although it had been all pleasure. I did not notice the unusual crowd at the entrance, being somewhat absorbed in my own thoughts, when I felt Hilda's grasp on my arm.

"Oh, poor man!" she cried, "he must be terribly hurt."

Then I saw that several persons were supporting a young man, with a ghastly, death-like face and closed eyes, into the nearest room.

"Run over," vouchsafed a stranger near—"must have been blind or drunk."

At that moment the young man opened a pair of large, dark, melancholy eyes, and looked at us.

"Hilda! God!" he groaned; "Hilda, you are avenged!"

And he was dead.

No one seemed to notice the words—no one but I. Even Hilda, who had heard them, looked only shocked and full of pity.

"Come, we cannot help him; let us get away!" I exclaimed, shaking as one in palsy.

"How very, very sad!" said my wife, as she laid off her hat. "Perhaps he has a little wife at home, for he said 'Hilda.' There are so many Hildas. Oh, my darling! I am glad I am not that Hilda. And he looked as if he had led an evil life, though he was very handsome."

I held her close to my heart, for it seemed to me a ghostly hand was plucking her away.

I was not surprised when, on asking the name of the unfortunate man the next day, I was informed that on the letters in his pocket was this address: "Graf Rudolph von Eberstein."

"A hard nut," some one volunteered, "they say he'd swallowed three fortunes, and would soon have been in the gutter, so he slipped out of the world in good time, to save him the trouble of shooting himself."

"His name was Von Eberstein, Hilda," I said, with a wild desire to know the worst.

She was holding a bit of olive plush in her hand and working some wondrous arabesque of gold upon it.

"German, then," she said, quietly. "Malcolm, won't this be pretty for a table-cover in our new home?"

Then my heart was at rest, and I thanked God and took courage. The lost year was dead and buried beyond the power of resurrection in this life.

A Commercial Traveler in Africa.

M. PINCHARD, an intelligent traveler in the interests of commerce, has just returned from an important journey to Shoa and the Aroussis in the Galla country in Northeast Africa. The purpose of his journey was simply to find the shortest route which leads from Harar to the Aroussis, of getting a knowledge of the commerce of the neighboring countries, of becoming acquainted with the chiefs of the different countries, and of opening up a new route for French commerce. He found the country cut by numerous streams, perfectly cultivated and sown with wheat, maize, soyho, linuts, pimento, etc. Over all the route there is abundance of game—lions, black panthers, antelopes, gazelles, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, elephants and many kinds of birds. The population he found agreeable, hospitable and loyal. By the chief of the Aroussis, M. Pinchard was hospitably received; he promised to combine with the other chiefs to facilitate trade between his own country and Obowa, on the Egyptian frontier. He professed to be anxious to enter into commercial relations with Europeans, his country offering in exchange for European goods, coffee, ivory and gold dust.



Lafayette

CENTENNIAL OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.—THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.
FROM A PAINTING.



CENTENNIAL OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.—THE FRENCH COLUMN, UNDER THE BARON DE VIOMENIL, STORMING THE BRITISH REDOUBT ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 14TH, 1781.—SEE PAGE 137.

"ALWAYS, DOUGLAS."

"**TEMPUS FUGIT**"—Time flies!—how well I remember learning off those words in a long list of Latin phrases, and afterwards writing them out over and over again in my copybook, vainly endeavoring to imitate the regular, up and down strokes of the head line! I used to wish then, as I sat in my old schoolroom, with the severe-looking blackboard on one side, and on the other the erect figure and somewhat stern features of my good governess, that time would fly, so that I might emerge from the narrow limits of my school-life to the boundless freedom of the world beyond.

Now, as I glance up at the pier-glass and see the many silver threads in my once bright hair—as I look around upon my comfortable, but desolate little room, I know that time has flown; and I am thankful for it.

The fire has just come to that delightful clear red without flame when one can picture strange scenes without number in it—strong castles with deep moats round them, terrible precipices and fathomless abysses, mountains and valleys, caves and rocks. Well, I shall lay aside my knitting for this evening and try what I can discover in those glowing embers.

Ah, I see it now! that long tract of sea-beach! I can almost hear the gentle ripple of the waves over the stones. And there is a figure coming towards me that I knew well—a young girl, walking quickly, with nothing very striking about her except a great quantity of tangled golden hair that waves and curls and blows about in a wild, uncontrolled fashion, which gave rise to her pet name of "Little Mermaid."

That girl was myself, Caroline Sherwood, and that seashore was my favorite resort.

"Here about the beach I wandered,
Nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science
And the long result of time."

My life was a lonely one, for I was an only child—my mother was dead, and my father constantly engaged in business. In our little village I found few companions of my own age, and only one that I cared about. That was my cousin Douglas. How can I describe him?—best of cousins, dearest of friends? I do not know whether he was handsome in the usual sense of the word—I rather think not. I only know he was very tall and strong, with large, deep, true eyes, and a heart as true.

Douglas's school-days and mine were over about the same time. My governess went away, and he returned to study at home before going to college. It was then and afterwards, in the college vacations, that we drifted together. Oh, those delightful times! pleasant to look forward to, pleasant to look back upon—long walks by the seaside, long rides up the mountains, hours spent in reading together in the quiet Summer evenings. My father used to be with us then. I generally had my work, and Douglas read aloud, sometimes prose, sometimes poetry—poetry when my father happened to fall asleep.

So time flowed smoothly on. The only thing that troubled us was Douglas's anxiety to get some appointment. He could not afford to live idle, and yet he found it very difficult to get anything to suit him.

One day, towards the end of July, I wandered out by myself to indulge in a little quiet reading. Either the day was hot or the book was not very interesting, for I let it fall by my side, and, leaning back against the trunk of a tree, was soon lost in dreamland. Suddenly I was startled by something softly brushing my cheek.

I looked up and saw Douglas, with a grave, troubled expression on his face.

"Douglas, has anything happened?"

"I will tell you all about it this minute," he replied. "Sit down here."

He took my hand and placed me under the shadow of a high rock, and then, throwing himself on the sand beside me, drew from his pocket an official-looking letter. He read it through from beginning to end.

It was an offer of an appointment in India worth three hundred pounds a year to begin with, the salary to increase in time. My first feeling was joy at his good fortune.

"You will accept it, of course?" I said.

He looked up quickly.

"You think so, Carry?"

It struck me that there was a little reproach in his tone; and for the first time I realized the separation that must follow. Half-crying, I answered:

"You know, Douglas, I was only thinking of your own good. Do you mean to accept it?"

"Yes. My vessel sails in three weeks."

In three weeks! I could not realize it. Three weeks more, and then to part for ever. It might be! What should I do! How could I live without Douglas? My tears flowed freely; he did his best to comfort me, but I could see his own emotion was great; and I was determined to bear up as best I could for his sake.

We saw little of each other for the following fortnight, Douglas having a great deal of business to attend to.

The last week came—the last evening. We sat together, hand in hand, under the shadow of our favorite rock.

"You will be true to me, Carry?" said Douglas, suddenly, after a long pause.

True to him! Of course. What could he mean? I should never have another Douglas; and I knew I should never meet with any one I loved half so well. I told him so; and he seemed so pleased.

Then he drew from his pocket a tiny parcel, and, opening it, displayed to my admiring eyes a small gold ring, set with turquoises in the form of a forget-me-not, with a little diamond to represent a drop of dew in the centre.

He took my left hand and placed the ring on my third finger.

"You will wear this for my sake, Carry?"

"Indeed—indeed I will!" I cried, my pent-up tears bursting forth at last. "I will wear it always for your sake."

"Say it again, Carry—'always!'"

I looked up into his clear, truthful blue eyes, and repeated:

"Always, Douglas."

Three years passed away. My chief pleasure during that time lay in writing to and receiving letters from Douglas. Not one of those letters breathed a word beyond cousinly affection. Yet I knew that he loved me—I had found that out the evening before he sailed; and I knew, too, that I loved him with a depth and an intensity which excluded almost every other feeling. It was this love which made me feel miserable when mail after mail passed and I did not hear from him. I was quite sure that either Douglas had forgotten me or was dead.

At last I began to lose health and spirits to such a degree, that even my father, who was slow to notice anything of the kind, at last observed it.

"What makes my little Mermaid look so pale?" he asked, one morning, after the postman had passed our door without stopping—a circumstance which rather relieved him.

"You want change of air and scene, my child. I was careless not to think of this before. What do you say to paying a visit to your Aunt Kate?"

"Oh, papa," I cried, earnestly, "don't send me anywhere without you! I could not bear to go amongst strangers."

He patted my head, and looked at me anxiously. Then a new idea seemed to dawn upon him.

"Something is fretting you, Carry. Can it be your cousin Douglas's long silence? Certainly it is strange that he has not written for such a time. Let me see—have you any idea of the date of his last letter?"

I was thankful that my head was turned away, so that he could not see the burning flush called up by the name that was dearest to my heart; and I almost smiled to myself at his asking if I had any idea of the date of his last letter!

Happily, I was prevented from answering by the entrance of some one on business; but I did not forget the conversation. Papa's affection touched me. I began to remember how selfish I had been of late, indulging in my own grief and forgetting the comforts of those around me. I resolved to rouse myself and take more interest in passing things.

My father was as good as his word. He rented a pretty country villa in a pleasant neighborhood where we had never been before, and thither we resorted to spend the Summer months. I was surprised myself at the good the change did me. Unaccustomed from childhood to much variety of any kind, I found a charm in every fresh scene that we visited.

Certainly we had fallen on a pleasant spot. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of all our neighbors, most of them old inhabitants of the place. We were invited to garden-parties, riding-parties, picnics—indeed every kind of entertainment that a fine Summer and a beautiful country could prompt.

I found my spirits rising, and papa congratulated me on my returning color. Not that I for a moment forgot my anxiety about Douglas, nor that I looked less eagerly, morning after morning, for the post; but my grief was less despairing, and I was more ready to listen to my father's assurances that letters must have gone astray and all would come right at last.

The shooting-season came in due course, and it struck papa that, as we had plenty of room in our house, he might as well ask some of his friends down for the occasion. The first he wrote to was an old college chum. He declined for himself, on the plea that his shooting-days were over, but asked if he might send as his substitute a nephew, young Lord Sudley, whom he described as a good sportsman and a most agreeable companion. My father, of course, consented.

The house was soon full of gentlemen, to whom I had to act the part of hostess. This embarrassed me at first; but I always found an able assistant in Lord Sudley, who was the only young unmarried man of the party.

He had been well described as a most agreeable companion. He could talk upon any subject. His manners were the pink of courtesy, yet full of that subtle flattery which, be a girl what she may, must in time, if it does not make its way to her heart, at least appeal to her vanity. He was, too, certainly the handsomest man I had ever seen. From his shapely head to his slender, well-molded foot, there was not a fault to be found.

My father saw the intimacy between us, and naturally encouraged it by every means in his power. I became the envy of all the girls in the neighborhood—in short, quite a queen in my small circle. My vanity and ambition for a time completely blinded me to every other feeling, and kept me in a constant state of excitement. Was it any wonder, then, this being my state of mind, that, when I one day discovered rank, wealth, a title—in fact, every worldly advantage that a girl could desire—lay within my reach through the simple utterance of the little word "Yes," I hesitated not to utter it.

When I had said it, I looked down, and my eye fell upon something glittering—it was the diamond in my forget-me-not ring. A chill ran through me, driving the color from my cheek and making me tremble from head to foot; for the diamond reminded me of two words I had repeated under the shadow of the old rock at home, with the noise of the waves in my ears, and two blue eyes shining down on me—"Always, Douglas!"

So we were engaged, Lord Sudley and I. Con-

gratulations poured in on every side; I was kindly received by his family; nothing seemed to go against us. My father was in high delight. He rubbed his hands as he declared he always knew his little Mermaid would do wonders with her bewitching eyes and her golden hair. Lord Sudley was as kind and affectionate as could be. Only the mermaid herself was miserable.

No one could have guessed what a heavy heart I carried about under a gay exterior. I had sinned against love and truth, sinned against Lord Sudley, who, I believe, really cared for me, and sinned against Douglas, whom I loved better than life. True, as I argued to myself, he had never spoken of love to me. Perhaps he never really had any deeper feeling for me than cousinly affection—perhaps he had altogether forgotten me by this time. He that as it might, I loved him, and I had no right to give my hand to another man.

The bright Summer was over at last. We left our pleasant country house and the many kind friends we had made and returned home. Lord Sudley was obliged to go to London. He was to come to us about Christmas time, and we were to be married early in the following year.

Quickly—too quickly—the months passed on; but there was no news of Douglas. Winter set in early and severe. Lord Sudley arrived a few days before Christmas. He was in excellent spirits himself, and seemed a little inclined to complain of my want of enthusiasm.

"You well deserve your name of 'Mermaid,'" he sometimes said, "for you are as cold as the salt sea itself!"

On such occasions I used to rouse myself to unusual gaiety, and generally succeeded in making him think my coldness existed only in his own imagination.

One evening, we had been invited to a large party at some miles from our house. My father was unwell, so Lord Sudley and I were to go alone. I had just finished dressing when there was a knock at my door.

"Please, miss, there's a gentleman downstairs wanting to see the master; but he says it will do as well to see you."

"Very well," I answered. "Show him into the drawing-room. I shall be down in a few minutes."

I was quite accustomed to see gentlemen who called on business, so thought nothing of it. I put the finishing touch to my dress, and turned to take a short survey of myself in the glass. My long, golden hair was no longer allowed to fall over my shoulders, but was wound round and round my head in thick plaits and fastened with a pearl comb. Diamonds glittered on my neck and arms, most of them the gifts of Lord Sudley. I thought, as I looked at myself, how much I had changed within the last few years—how, if Douglas were to come home now, he would scarcely know me.

With this thought uppermost, I proceeded down-stairs. The drawing-room door was shut; I opened it and walked in. The gentleman was standing with his back to me. He turned quickly as I entered, and our eyes met. Changed, sadly changed, was he, yet the same Douglas as of old. In an instant his arms were round me, his lips pressed to mine.

Oh, if I could have died there!—if I could have told him that I loved him and him only more than ever man of life for ever! But it was not to be—I knew it could not be. I tore myself away from him, and almost unconsciously, stretched out my left hand to tell its own secret.

He took my hand and glanced eagerly at the third finger. The forget-me-not ring was gone, and in its place was a hoop of small pearls. He pointed to it, and his questioning eyes met mine. Heaven help me!—the whole truth must be told!

"My engagement ring, Douglas," said I. "I am about to be married to Lord Sudley."

With the courage of despair I raised my eyes; the expression in his I shall never forget. He held my hand so tightly that I almost cried out with the pain.

"This, then, is what I have hoped and waited for all these years; this, then, is the result of my dreams and prayers—to see you, my best-beloved, my darling, the wife of another!"

I could not speak. I stood trembling from head to foot, wishing—as many had wished before me—that the earth would open and swallow me up.

Presently he spoke again. This time his voice was low, but the ring of pain in it thrilled me.

"And you love him, Carry?"

No answer came to my burning lips; not a word could I utter. I suppose he took silence for assent. Once more his arms were round me. I could feel his heart throbbing as only a heart throbs when it is going to break.

"Heaven ever bless you and make you happy, my own darling!"

Then he left me—left me without once looking back, without another word. I heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs on the hard, frosty ground. I knew that he was gone for ever; but I could not move, I could not speak.

Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by a voice in the hall.

"Carrie, Carrie, we shall be late, dear! Have you nearly finished dressing?"

Necessity roused me. I gathered up my dress and walked quickly down-stairs.

During our long drive I kept talking and laughing as if I were in the best possible spirits; but the effort told on me. By the time we reached our destination, I felt utterly worn out with excitement. Still, from necessity, I had to bear up a little longer. I was now made a good deal of as the fiancée of Lord Sudley.

Somehow I managed to get through the evening, till one precious moment when I was left alone. I leaned my head on my hand to try to ease the burning pain there. Lord Sudley, ever kind, ever watchful, saw the action from the other end of the room. He was by my side in an instant.

"Carrie, darling, you are not well—ah! I order the carriage? We can drive home at once."

I raised my head and tried to smile.

"Only a headache, Ernest. I will go presently; but I see Miss Langtree going to the piano. I know she has a sweet voice; I will just wait to hear her sing. Music often has a soothing effect on me."

I leaned back and closed my eyes. The song began—a simple, plaintive air; but the words—oh, why did she sing those words? Did she know my secret? Did she want to mock me? Did she mean to drive the iron deeper and deeper into my soul?

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew, I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas—Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!"

I grasped the back of the chair before me and set my teeth, that no one might know the agony I was suffering. I had said I would stay to hear this song, and I meant to sit it out to the end.

How pathetically the girl sang it! One would have thought she had a Douglas of her own. There were four verses, and she sang them all; but, when the last "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" died away, almost in a wail, I could bear it no longer. A low groan burst from my lips. The chair I was holding seemed to wrench itself out of my hand, the room seemed to turn round and round, voices buzzed in my ears, and then I became unconscious.

When I came to myself, I was lying on a sofa, surrounded by Lord Sudley, the lady of the house and others. Various whispers, suggesting the heat of the room, headache, or some such cause, reached my ears; but I heeded them not. I stretched out my hands to Lord Sudley.

"Ernest, dear Ernest, take me home," I murmured—"take me home! I can't stay here."

He lifted me up gently in his arms, and carried me to the carriage. Contrary to the advice of the coachman, we decided to return home by a shorter way than we had taken in coming; but the road was so slippery and so thick with snow that we proceeded but slowly. Ernest kept his arm round me, and murmured loving words to me, to which I could make no reply; but I felt sure I liked him then better than I had ever liked him before—as a dear brother, nothing more.

Suddenly the horses came to a standstill. Ernest jumped out of the carriage to see what the obstacle could be. The coachman, who had been with us for many years, alighted too, and, as he did so, uttered a loud exclamation, which restored me, as by a rude shock, to my full strength.

I sprang from the carriage, and soon saw what stumbling-block had come in our way. The bright moon shone down upon a deep crimson streak on the white, glittering snow. It shone down, too, upon a horse and his rider—the horse badly hurt, the rider lying at a little distance, dead. Instinct told me who the dead man was. I crept up to him, raised the dead head and pressed it to my heart; and then, for the second time that evening, merciful unconsciousness came to my aid.

For weeks I lay between life and death, for the greater part of the time in wild delirium. When I came to my senses, it was only to pray night and day that I might die. But a long life lay before me, giving me time to learn humility, faith and patience—time to minister to the wants of others, to forget myself in healing others' pain. The first thing I did, when strong enough, was to write a long letter to Lord Sudley telling him all, expressing my bitter repentance at the unworthy part I had enacted, my deep gratitude for his unfailing kindness and affection, and imploring him to forgive me.

His answer came by return of post. I never knew till then what a noble heart I had wounded. He told me he had loved me as he never would love again, and that he forgave me fully and freely, even as he hoped to be forgiven. He added that he meant to leave England and reside abroad, and that if ever I needed a friend I should find one in him. He had died since, unmarried.

We left our seaside home when I recovered. I could not bear to hear the waves constantly sounding in my ears: "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!" I could not bear to sit under his favorite rock, to take his favorite walks up the mountains.

My dear father never reproached me. During my wild delirium he had found out my secret by the name that was constantly on my lips. He often used to take me tenderly in his arms when he found me looking sad and say:

"You have only your poor old father now, little Mermaid, but he loves you very dearly."

Now he is gone too, and I am sitting in my little room alone—quite alone, as far as earth is concerned. The fire has nearly gone out; there is just one little spark left, and that lights up a bright spot on the third finger of my left hand. Ah, yes, there is the forget-me-not ring, and there it shall remain, a memento of the sad past, an earnest of a bright future! It shall stay there night and day, and, when I die, it shall go with me to the grave. Yes, I will wear it always for your sake—"ALWAYS, DOUGLAS!"

Tail Stories of Old Age.

A Liverpool paper says: "From Brazil comes a story of a mulatto woman having died at the age of 187 years. Just as the Geth was 'butchered to make a Roman holiday,' so this unfortunate old colored lady seems to have been killed to furnish forth a newspaper paragraph. This is a pity, because she would have answered the purpose just as well in a couple of hundred years' time, if the newspaper telling the tale could have had patience to wait. She is said to have lost her sight at the age of 100, but to have recovered it somewhat later. Her death was brought about by a fall from a bench, so that there is really no knowing how long she might

have lived if the Brazil paper had not arranged that fatal fall. The subject of longevity is always being disputed, some persons being credulous of all sorts of wonders, and others being as skeptical as the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis. The case of the Brazilian mulatto is put in the shade by that of one Johannes de Temporibus, who according to Stow, died in the year 1014, at the age of 361. Unfortunately, that was not an age of statistics, and marvelous statements were supplied. A native of Bengal is said to have died in 1556 at the age of 300; but here again distance of place is as important an element as distance of time in the other instance. In 1588 a native of Evercreech, Somerset, (Eng.), is reported to have died aged 293. In the latter end of the last century death at the age of 175 or thereabouts seems not to have been uncommon; but as we come nearer to our own times the records are fewer, until now we are obliged to go to Brazil for a striking instance of extreme age. The moral would appear to be that if, in a time of registration and research, this class of wonders had become extinct, the former statements with regard to them were myths. Perhaps life was so dull in those slow times, that a man put his sensations into figures, and thought he had lived 300 years instead of 70.

THE SOUTHERN REPUDIATION MOVEMENT.

ITS SPIRIT AND PURPOSE EXPLAINED BY A SOUTHERN JOURNALIST.

To the Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

WHAT national parties propose to do with the Repudiation movement in the South is a matter of far less importance than the nature of the movement. That determined, intelligent, conservative people can decide what ought to be done. The judgment of the American people will rather deal with it in the light of what it is, and what it requires of conservatism, than it will concern itself about the exigencies of parties and politicians, seeking and making alliances for political ends.

Knowledge of the classes supporting and opposing this movement will throw some light on its character for those calm readers who will allow that some weight is to be given to the opinions of the conservative classes as to local questions, and some light to be gained from knowing where the radically inclined are to be found.

The classes enlisted in this movement in Tennessee and Virginia, and in this and kindred movements throughout the South generally, are the discontented of every occupation and condition. The ark had not a mother crew of animals. Its leaders are those who have been cast off by the revolving wheel of Democracy from time to time. It is not pretended that Democratic government in the South is ideally perfect—that it has selected its best material at all times as its agents in local government, or that it has always adopted the very best means to its ends; but it has certainly cast off most of these leaders of the Repudiation movement as its worst material. Disappointed, failure in business failure in politics, impecunious, usually Bourbon of the Bourbons, often old Secessionists who have proved false to all causes, ambitious, unscrupulous, they have sedulously sought the ear of growing discontent. They ply the honeyed arts of the demagogue, appealing to every passion, prejudice and selfish interest of the masses, and playing especially upon the communistic envy of the baser man. Said Lord Brougham: "If I had to begin life over, I would begin as an agitator." Agitation has become a business in the South since 1872, but chiefly since the panic increased discontent.

Perhaps it has not been so far a paying business; but those engaged in it have nothing else to do, and they may as well as sow the seed for the crop to be reaped in the grand break-up of the solid South. To that desirable end they may contribute, and yet receive no reward. It is a remarkable fact that in the crowd of petty leaders, with few exceptions of the class described, there is scarcely to be found a truly liberal, progressive man, or one engaged in pushing forward in any way the material interests of the South, although there is many a Bourbon fossil wearing the liberal livery and speaking with the liberal accent.

The followers of such leaders are an "uncolored" squad, but they are generally, or at least a majority of them, sincere, terribly in earnest, although their real meaning is neither to be had from their apparent objects or from what their opponents say of them. They are but half-conscious of all they aim at themselves. Churlish, discontented, hate, envy, bitterness, suspicion, are not lovable or promising sentiments to find at the bottom of a great movement, but the odds and ends which compose this motley crew are sincere in a profound common purpose which lies ill-defined beneath their surface aims and issues.

Slavery built up and perpetuated a peculiar class in the South, or impressed on the lower class peculiar features. The destruction of slavery and its social and industrial systems left a peculiar class; and these together form the bulk of this party everywhere throughout the South. The poor white outcast, a sort of pariah, despised of master and slave—the "poor white trash," as the negro called him—was singularly docile and satisfied with his lot until the war jostled him out of the old grooves. Since the war the struggle with poverty has added to a knowledge, acquired in war, in his first experience beyond his native valley. He could no longer fiddle and dance, hunt and fish. He imbibed new ideas of his rights, his grievances, his manhood. He asked himself why he should not be also emancipated. His grievances he attributed to the wealthy neighbor, to whoever had more wealth, intelligence or enterprise than himself. The war emancipated him as well as the negro he hated, and by whom he was despised. The poor white laborer, the thriftless cabin-dweller, all the poor whites of the South as a class, are rednecks—not of debts, but of everything. Whatever their better-off neighbors are for, they are against. Bitter negro-haters and bull-

dozers to day, they are the ready allies of the negro to-morrow. He is a careless observer of Southern politics who has not seen this element in both rôles. To this class must be added one created by the war and its emancipation, change of systems and the subsequent struggles with poverty and losses. The unyielding Bourbon slave-owner who wishes to get even with the North by repudiating a bond for a slave emancipated is the worst of all this brood. It includes, however, all the ruined by the war, the decayed gentility—that meanest of created things, the man who boasts his past and has only a past to boast; the thriftless farmer who has not been able to change with altered conditions—both the large farmer with his wasteful acres, closely held while he grows yearly poorer, and the cabin-dwelling farmer, with his few poor, scratched and worn acres—belong to this class. This large class, left by the war, by the destruction of slavery, by a change of systems, left behind by the intelligent, enterprising and progressive, is thoroughly fossil, Bourbon and despairing. There is hope for the poor white class of the old order; little for most of these except in a happy release from the cares of life. These two furnish by far the larger part of the Repudiation movement in Tennessee and Virginia. The first element is aspiring, expectant, if not hopeful, newly awakened to the realities of life, mistaken, striking around blindly under a sense of wrong; the other hopeless, indolent, fossil, malicious and revengeful. That there are many exceptions to this general statement is a matter of no consequence. In this vengeful blow at property by the decayed and fossilized, and by the newly awakened, aspiring and once degraded classes, inspired by a bitter sense of wrong in their lot, as well as by a desire to advance in life, the same end is reached. The aspiring and mistaken, groping in the darkness, and the hopeless fossils, bent on blind vengeance, with also some dim notion of feeding in some way upon such misfortunes as they can inflict upon others, meet on common ground of radical communistic destruction. The result is the same to society—ruin to all its best interests, whether the prevailing motive be that of the man who desires to rise and takes the wrong road, that of him who seeks a blind revenge, that of the white Republican who hopes to find this the way to coveted influence and power, or that of the negro who sees in it political and social equality for the future.

This movement is opposed everywhere by the truly liberal and progressive of all occupations. With rare exceptions, all those who are moving the South forward, the live and producing men of all vocations, cut through all sham independence and assumed liberality, down to the inevitable effect of the success of this movement upon the stability and property interests of the South. The solid business men, the merchants, lawyers, doctors, ministers, the intelligent and better class of mechanics and the thrifty and accumulating laboring men in the towns, and the progressive and thrifty farmers, belong to the conservative opponents of this movement in Tennessee and largely in Virginia. Why is this? Does it follow from this opposition of the conservative that there is no reason for this movement, that no ultimate good will flow from it? Perhaps not. The conservatives do perceive in the ends proposed, in the principles advocated, in the means adopted, in the classes engaged in the movement, something it behooves them strenuously and earnestly to resist. There is a philosophy of the movement which lies deeper than this. And to this we shall refer hereafter. The real meaning of the Repudiation movement in the South is not to be found in a mere desire to repudiate debts, although this motive may be admitted to be a strong one in any community where the majority has slipped in any degree from beneath the control of the conservative custodians of the highest morality, and that highest expediency and self-interest which coincide with public morality.

Party solidarity, party tyranny, and the cowardice and temporizing policy of majorities have both invited and provoked the growth of this movement to a strength beyond that it would have attained through the mere operation of a dishonest motive. That repression of free thought which has resulted in Democratic solidarity in the South, and a kindred Republican solidarity in the North, as each party pursued an all-absorbing idea, avoiding and repelling every other, has disposed a large class to burst through any weak point in the party line, or to take advantage of any strong point from which to assail the solid party, in the assertion of free and independent thought. While the minority party, on the one hand, represses independent thought, arouses antagonisms and creates disappointed classes of aspirants and of minority factions, entertaining opinions they desire to enforce, it also weakly yields to opinions having, or appearing to have, a large and disruptive minority support within the party. Thus are suffered to find entrance without effective opposition and protest false and destructive ideas, tolerated, if not given place, as party policy. Both the despotic power of organization and the weak deference to false opinions, which at the moment do not seem to divert the party from its main purpose, work together to the same end. That end is ultimate disruption, or control of the party, by the false idea and the joining to it of all the disappointed, dissatisfied and restless, of all who are disposed to revolt through one motive or another. Such has been the precise history of Southern politics, and especially of Tennessee and Virginia politics.

This general statement, however, does not exhaust the subject. The movement in the South is emphatically independent and away from the rigid rule of the majority—a movement to which both its power and its weakness and cowardice have contributed. It is clearly a reaction against solidarity, and, in order to a full understanding, the co-relations of

Northern and Southern politics must be noted. In a more wholesome way, the same spirit manifested itself in 1872, when the tight hand of party rule was relaxed by the Democratic acceptance of Greeley. An apparent relaxation in the North wrought decided symptoms of independence in the South. The movement now going on finds its opportunity as much in a seeming lax party rule and in divisions in the majority party in the North, as in the disposition to rebel against party rule in the South. Thus, by closely-related successive and alternate relaxations of the taut hand in both sections, the liberalization and desecularization of politics is going on.

The movement in the South is general and widespread, and a general cause must be found for a general effect. The exact truth must be faced as to current facts and possible consequences. To evade a frank inquiry and exposition were criminal folly in an independent journal, and a mere hiding the head in the sand and imagining it concealment in a party journal. Those who denounce this movement as mere dishonesty—a mere outcropping of the worst motives which can find a place in society, err as widely as those who, ignoring the destructive principles involved, pursue through these foggy exhalations arising from the corrupt, erring and ignorant elements of society, the *ignis fatuus* of liberality, equality and justice. The movement is neither all of the one nor all of the other. The immediate object is everywhere some injury to be done to some interest belonging to society—in this instance its credit; but these are only the projecting points grasped by a widespread spirit of independence and revolt against party dictation and leadership. The character of its leadership, the character of the classes who follow such leaders—their ignorance, indolence, lack of progressive spirit, their desire to better a low condition and at the same time satisfy a spirit of vengeance by an appeal to politics—may throw light upon the phenomena.

In Tennessee this spirit seizes upon the public credit and denounces a public debt, because that issue had already gathered about it the nucleus of an independent party. But the larger number of those enlisted in the Repudiation movement have neither interest in nor care for the State debt. That their better-off and progressive neighbors favor payment is enough for them. The same is true of Virginia politics, and the situation worse because of the far larger fossil class, the larger decayed gentility and antagonism of classes, growing out of the longer existence of the State and its peculiar social features. Virginia has also a larger class of ambitious, disappointed aspirants, of more character and ability, and not at all nice as to means. In Georgia the same disposition manifested itself, in the absence of any disturbing issue, in a bitter personal conflict and a fierce personal attack upon the Governor, who is liberal enough, independent enough, progressive enough, but a leader of the solid Democracy. In Alabama, in the last election, the same spirit seized upon the dead greenback issues and gave life for the canvass to these dry bones. In North Carolina, recently, the temperance question became the shuttlecock between the ruling party and the Independents with a strange reversal of positions; Republicans, in aid of Independents, opposing total abstinence for the reason that Democracy had approved. The same spirit is moving upon the waters in Mississippi, preparing to find some entering wedge, or some point for the concentration of independent lightning, whence it may deal a blow at Democracy.

In all this, an unquestionably potent factor is the fact that Democracy has ten disappointed and rebellious office-seekers for every office filled; and, besides, ten submissive but not afterwards over zealous, disappointed aspirants. Since Democracy does not select its bulldozers, its Bourbons, its fiery unreconstructed, who have failed until they have ceased to play upon the war, their services, sectional and State-sovereignty questions, it follows that we find the rejected Bourbon Democrats really leading this "movement against Bourbonism" as the Republican leaders put it. They sing liberal psalms as softly as they harshly croaked the old Bourbon tunes. This is true of Mahone, Cameron and Blair, who are simply ambitious, disappointed Democrats; it is true of the chief leaders of the movement in Tennessee; it is true of Georgia and Mississippi, and it is generally true that when the Bourbon has utterly failed through Bourbonism, or, like Chalmers, begins to find his methods condemned at home, he turns liberal and preaches a new gospel. These are not Confederates liberalized, but Bourbons, soured and false to opinions only worn as means to personal ends as their new opinions are worn.

But if this movement is not all repudiation and mere dishonesty, it is not all mere protest against party and mere assertion of independence and license of opinion; it is also, in its larger and broader aspects, a new awakening of classes. The masses who pursue false lights and follow a deceitful leadership are moved by mixed motives. The large class of unchangeable left by every great revolution, and especially by the late war, the aspiring, expectant, new awakened, old lower classes, the ruined by war, by abolition of slavery, by the conditions surrounding them since the war, by their own worthlessness and lack of adaptability, are moved by various and mingled motives. Socially, in the scale of intelligence and property, they are down, and desire both revenge and to rise. They strike at Democracy because it represents the rule of elements they hate and feel falsely to have been the cause of their woes and the obstacle to their progress. They strike at the bondholder because he has what they lack, and they feel that they can strike him with impunity. The greenback issue is attractive for the same reason that it is a blow at conservatism and property. In agitation, in upheaval, in change, they see, or think

they see, emancipation and a way upwards. They are mistaken groping blindly after false leaders looking for remedies to ideas and to leaders capable only of inflicting the direst woes upon society themselves included. Opposed by the conservative, they may teach the conservative many a useful lesson, and learn many useful lessons themselves, develop better aims and a better leadership. Even if the downcast err, if the new-awakened white man, joined by the newly aroused black man, err profoundly and radically, pursue a will-o'-the-wisp, follow dangerous heresies, indulge wild communistic dreams and submit to a selfish and deceitful leadership because no man else will lead them aright, they are learning, though it be, for them and for society, a hard school. The awakening, the aspiration, the indulgence of hope, the disposition to strike for themselves, although it be unjustly, are signs of promise. Faith in a stubborn conservative resistance to all evil tendencies of this widespread movement, with its protean shapes, leads us to look upon it, not with allowance or approval, but with hope for the future. In all its transient shapes and appearances, in all its immediate ends, it is unquestionably the only evil. It is good only as a sign of the awakening of classes which have been too long dead to all hope of progress and improvement. In their awakening and aspiration they aim at no single worthy object as yet, propose to themselves no single end which is just, right or remedial. To themselves and to the nation they promise nothing, could they succeed in their immediate aims. There is hope only in the belief that, opposed, they will fail in their immediate aims and yet learn through their agitation and energizing.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

What Congress Did for Mrs. Lincoln.

IT is a matter of discussion at this time what Congress will do for Mrs. Garfield. In this connection the Acts passed in relation to Mrs. Mary Lincoln are of interest. There were three Acts of the kind passed by Congress. The first Act, passed when Congress came together after the assassination of President Lincoln, was as follows: "That the Secretary of the Treasury pay, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to Mrs. Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, or, in the event of her death before payment, to the lawful heirs, the sum of \$25,000; provided always that any sum of money which shall have been paid to the personal representatives of the said Abraham Lincoln since his death on account of his salary as President of the United States for the current year, shall be deducted from the said sum of \$25,000." The amount thus granted to Mrs. Lincoln was the salary of the President for one year. Now that salary is \$50,000. In February, 1866, Congress passed the following Act: "That all letters and packets carried by post to and from Mary Lincoln, widow of the late Abraham Lincoln, be carried free of postage during her natural life." In 1870 the following Act was passed: "That the Secretary of the Interior be, and is hereby authorized, to place the name of Mary Lincoln, widow of Abraham Lincoln, deceased, late President of the United States, on the pension-roll, and allow and pay her a pension at the rate of \$3,000 per annum from and after the passage of this Act."

The Japanese Newspaper Press.

THE facts connected with the newspaper press of Japan are full of interest. The total number of newspapers and periodicals is not less than two hundred and fifty. In Tokyo there are some ten daily papers (not including prices current), and among them is one named after its editor, and others entitled, *Worldly News*, *Alphabet*, *Reading and Writing*, *Daylight*, as well as *News*, *Post*, and an *Advertiser*. They also have several comic papers, after the manner of *Punch* and *Puck*, and various magazines devoted to the advancement of agriculture and other national interests. While there have been no material changes in the Press law of Japan within the last few years, the Government would appear to be much more lenient than it was formerly, and editors may now speak their minds somewhat after the American fashion, which, according to the Constitution and the Senate of the United States, may be considered the leading luxury of modern civilization.

Mr. Gladstone at Dinner.

MR. GLADSTONE is now in excellent health. "I can eat a good dinner and sleep all through the night," he said to a friend not long ago, "and as long as that goes on, I shall be able to do what more work is appointed for me." "His capacious mind," says the *Cardiff Times*, "has no room for strict knowledge of the precise order in which wines should accompany varied dishes. He drinks very little, and none at all the early part of his dinner. As the meal advances, the watchful butler filling up the glasses in due order, the Premier accumulates at the right hand of his plate quite a varied cellar of choice vintages. Then is seen a spectacle which horrifies the careful diner-out. Feeling an inclination for a glass of wine, Mr. Gladstone will reach out his hand and take the first it happens to touch. After a further bout of eating or talking, both accomplished with tremendous energy, he again feels thirsty, and once more indiscriminately helps himself from whatever may come nearest. He is no drinker, even in the moderate sense of a man who takes and enjoys his glass of wine. Probably if the multifarious glasses at his right were filled with water, he would drink them off with precisely the same gusto as he takes and mixes the choicest of wines."

A New Church Guild in England.

THE *Manchester Guardian* says: "The tendency of a section of churchmen to abstinent if not ascetic vows is curiously illustrated by the proposals now being formulated for a new guild, to be called the 'Order of Companions of the Golden Age.' Each companion must be a baptized Christian, professing the faith as set forth in the Apostles' Creed, be an early riser (at least as early as 7 A. M.), use prayers and intercessions for the objects of the Order, agree to dress soberly, and to lead a life which is tender, temperate and humane. So qualified and accepted, he shall be distinguished by a purple badge, and may at any time after six months' probation proceed to the following grades, with at least six months' interval between each: The crimson, abstinence from the flesh of birds and beasts; the blue, additional abstinence from fish; the white, additional abstinence from alcoholic beverages and tobacco. The motto of the Order is the prophetic 'Non nocent et non occidunt.' If a word of criticism may be offered on this scheme, it is that the 'Golden Age' is a Pagan and not a Christian tradition, though doubtless in all ages of the Christian Church there have been individuals and congregations who have carried out such a rule of life as is laid down for the members of the new Order."

POPULAR RIGHTS IN JAPAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Springfield Republican* in Japan, writes: "The agitation of the question of 'People's Rights' has been less active for some months than formerly. Meetings for the discussion of such rights were held in plentiful abundance in nearly all parts of the empire, and both at these meetings and in the public press were many foolish, if not dangerous, sentiments expressed. Therefore, in view of these facts and the communistic tendencies in other nations, the Government has repressed and even sought to check for a season the too violent agitation of the

pressive and illiberal to a free-born American living in a free republic; but to the same man, while living here and understanding both how unprepared the Japanese masses are for free institutions, and how violent and unhealthy an agitation of the question was making under the leadership of certain rash men, they come to seem as wise and suitable as the exigencies of the case will admit. But it is to be hoped, however, and even admitted as possible, that after the course of not many years the Japanese may have an elective parliament, and that all citizens may enjoy as great ballotorial liberty as is enjoyed in England. There are few, if any, so denationalized as to desire an elective

for the production of new or repair of old drawing-room sleeping-cars, are all in operation, though by no means complete; while, by the end of the year, residences will be ready for about 1,000 families in flats or apartments of from four to six or eight rooms each, many of which are already done and occupied. It is only fifteen months since the ground was broken for this enterprise, and it will in three months more be a full-fledged city of not less than 30,000 population of all kinds, with elegant stores, opera houses, churches, hotels, schools, parks and all the accessories of metropolitan life. It is not a growth; it is a creation. Other towns have passed through gestation and infancy; this springs into full existence

parterres of pansies, heliotrope and mignonette, but there can be no harm in it. One of the superintendents was asked if there was any good in it—If the workmen were any more pure in person or language, any more tender in thought and gentle in manners; any more attentive to business and the Ten Commandments, on account of the general tone of embellishments on exteriors—and he declined to state; but there was a peculiar expression to his smile which men of the world have met in their travels. It is the intention of the management to make this city a model work city—clean, orderly, healthy, happy and handsome. Whatever may be its end or its future, its beginning and its



CENTENNIAL OF CORNWALLIS'S SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.—DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE "CHARON," OF FORTY-FOUR GUNS, IN YORK RIVER, BY THE FIRE FROM THE AMERICAN BATTERIES.—SEE PAGE 137.

matter. Public assemblies for political purposes cannot now be held, unless a notice with the names of all the speakers and their themes be posted for three days previous. Even then the police will attend the meetings and require the speakers to confine their remarks to their themes, or, for trespassing upon political subjects, will order them to cease speaking. Sundry editors and proprietors of newspapers have also been fined for greater or smaller sums, and in some instances also imprisoned for longer or shorter terms, while also in yet other instances the publication of the papers have been temporarily suspended. By these methods the agitation of the question in any public way has been brought under the control of the Government. Still these methods may seem rather op-

timado or king or president. All honor the reigning house, and desire its continuance through as many centuries as it has already sat on the throne since the days of Jimmu Tenno.

A REMARKABLE WESTERN CITY.

THE new manufacturing City of Pullman, near the junction of the Michigan Central and Illinois Central Roads, fourteen miles south of Chicago, is a remarkable place. Over 4,000 persons are already on the pay-rolls of the company, in the shops, upon the buildings or upon the grounds. The various immense factories, having a north and south extension of 1,300 feet, with varying depths or tiers,

from the brain of its father; it had no mother except necessity. One steps from the train into a depot, which, with its colonnades and carriage porch, its reception-rooms with artistic fireplaces and quaint seats, is altogether "unutterably too utterly utter" for anybody except an aesthete with an ox-eye daisy, a sunflower, a swamp-cat-tail, and a pussy-willow; one looks out on lawns, lakelets, smooth gravel walks and drives, beds and borders of rare exotics, stone gateways and partitions copied from Egypt, and some other arrangements which, when grouped together, embody the present American idea of a park; and then one is ready to go through the shops, provided one has procured the indispensable pass. It is unusual, of course, to behold grimy workmen passing to their toll among

present are the marvel of marvels in this marvelous Western growth and improvement.

CLOSE WRITING.—A German having "written" on a postal card 25,000 words, in a style of stenography used in Germany, claimed that it was superior to any other. The claim was disputed, and a prize was offered for the largest number of words written in Pitman's style, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The card of the winner, G. H. Davidson, contained 32,963 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin."